NOVEMBER 10, 1958

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

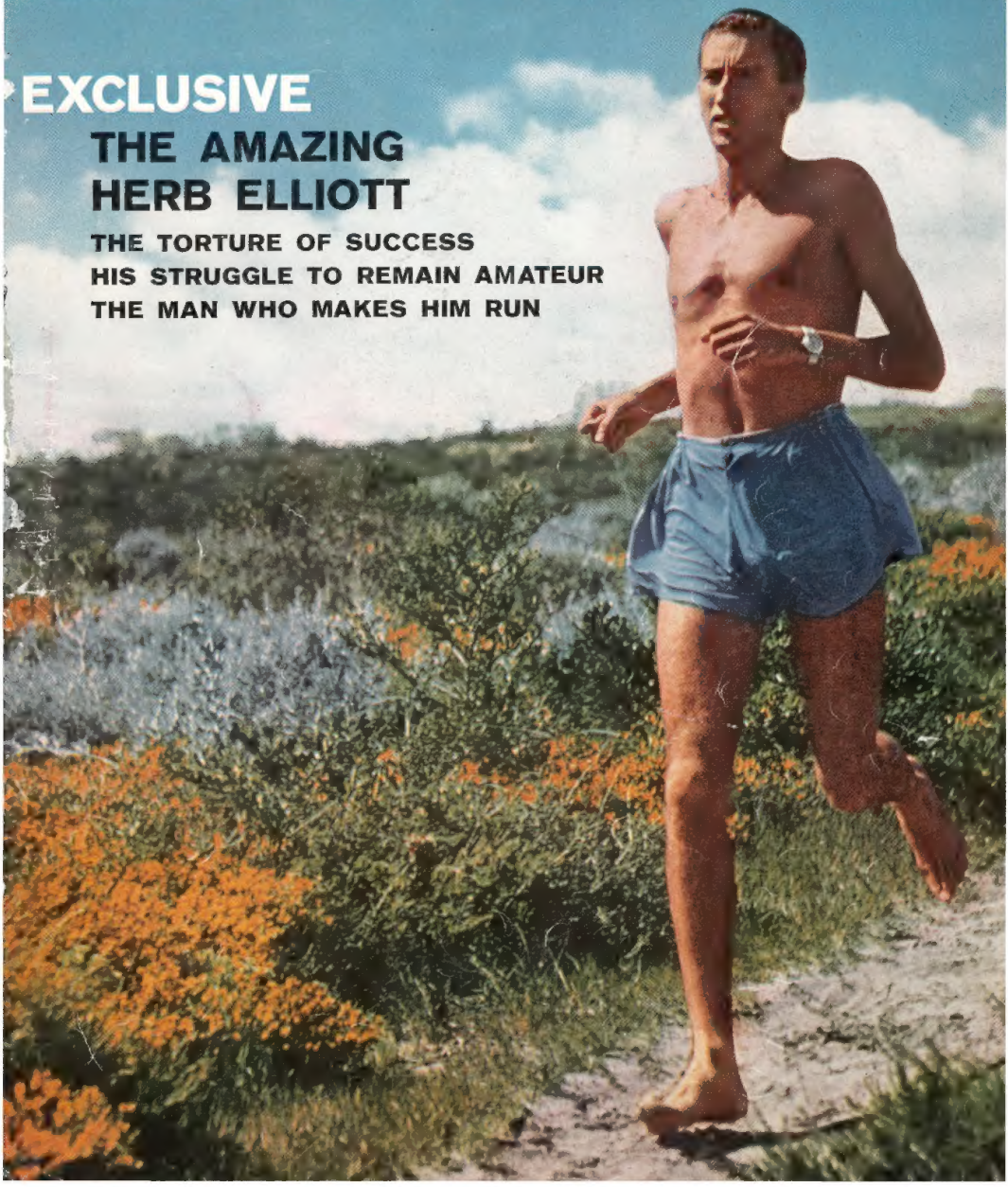
America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS
$7.50 A YEAR

EXCLUSIVE

THE AMAZING HERB ELLIOTT

THE TORTURE OF SUCCESS
HIS STRUGGLE TO REMAIN AMATEUR
THE MAN WHO MAKES HIM RUN



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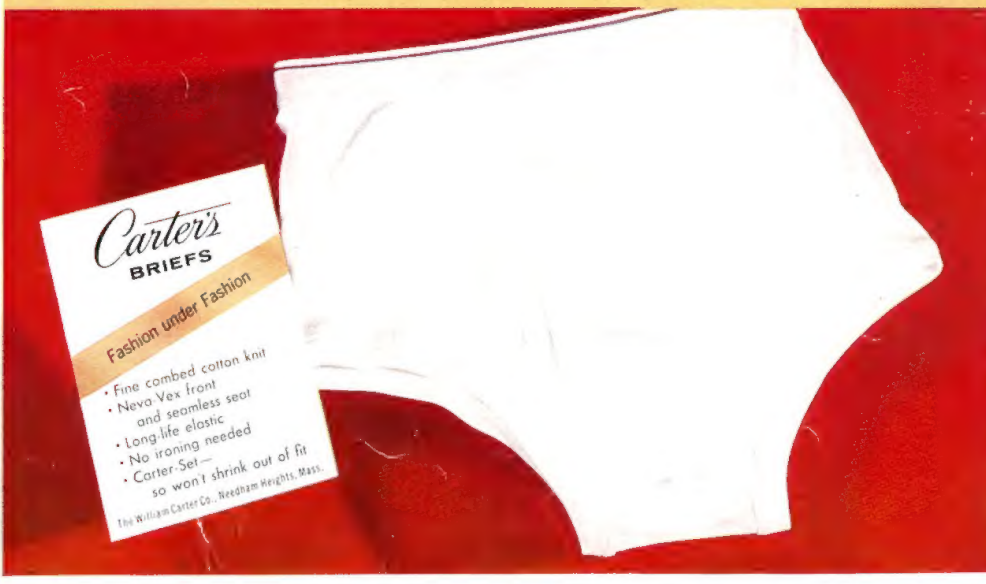

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★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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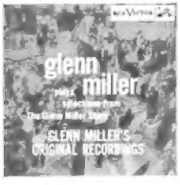
The great Dorsey group of the late 1930s and early 40s playing their biggest hits. Featuring Frank Sinatra, Bunny Berigan, Jo Stafford with The Pied Pipers. 12 selections, including *Marie, Star Dust, I'll Never Smile Again, Song of India, Opus No. 1.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

GLENN MILLER



Miller's best, including *Moonlight Serenade, In the Mood, Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, American Patrol, Little Brown Jug, St. Louis Blues, Pennsylvania 6-5000, (I've Got a Gal in) Kalamazoo, Boulder Bluff, Farewell Blues, King Porter Stomp.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

BENNY GOODMAN

The King, his band and Quartet, at their swinging best in 11 masterpieces; with Krupa, Hampton, etc. *Sing Sing Sing, One o'Clock Jump, And the Angels Sing, Stompin' at the Savoy, King Porter's Stomp, Bugle Call Rag,* etc. The original versions.

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DUKE ELLINGTON

Duke's all-time best band, 1940-42, with Hodges, Webster, Blanton, Stewart, Williams, Carney, Ivie Anderson, Herb Jeffries. 16 tunes, including *"A" Train, I Got It Bad, Perdido, Cotton Tail, Main Stem, Blue Serge, Flaming Sword, Rocks in My Bed.*

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Shaw's two most successful big bands in 12 history-making hits recorded in 1938-43. Includes *Begin the Beguine, Nightmare, Frenesi, Star Dust, Dancing in the Dark, Temptation, Indian Love Call, All the Things You Are, Serenade to a Savage,* etc.

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THIS exciting new plan, under the direction of the Book-of-the-Month Club, enables you to have on tap a variety of popular music for family fun and happier parties . . . and at an immense saving. Moreover, once and for all, it takes bewilderment out of building such a well-balanced collection. **You pay far less for albums this way** than if you buy them haphazardly. For example, the extraordinary introductory offer described above can represent an approximate 33⅓% saving in your first year of membership. **Thereafter you can continue to save up to 33⅓%.** After buying the five albums called for in this offer, you will receive a free 12-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. album, with a nationally advertised price of at least $3.98, for every two albums purchased from the Club. **A wide choice of RCA VICTOR albums will be described each month.** One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer one of the alternates—or nothing at all in any month—you can make your wishes known on a simple form always provided. You pay the nationally advertised price—usually $3.98, at times $4.98 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

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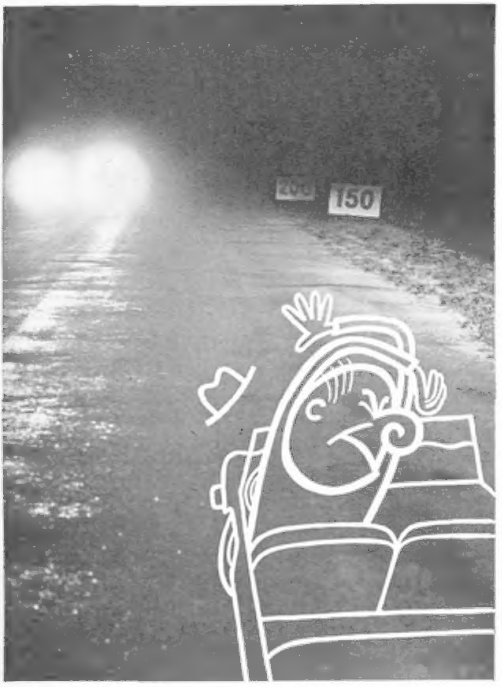
Now...See in spite of the other car's lights!



BRACE YOURSELF! Here comes another driver who hasn't dimmed his lights. He's 175 feet away. Your vision of your side of the road is "washed out" by his glare. Then after you pass, it *takes precious seconds for your eyes to readjust to the reduced* light, and you still can't see the road ahead clearly. It's like entering a dark theatre on a sunny day!

NOW YOU CAN SEE in spite of the other car's lights—better than ever before, because you have new G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps. Their "built-in spotlight" effect in the low beam projects more *light along the right shoulder, helps keep your eyes on your side* of the road. Now you can spot that fallen box at the 200-foot mark—which you *couldn't* see with your old headlamps!

New G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps have a "built-in spotlight" . . . in the low beam!

No other 2-headlamp system ever gave you as much light *in the low beam* as these new General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps. And you *need* more light in the low beam *when meeting oncoming cars—even* if the other driver dims his lights and has them aimed properly.

This new General Electric low beam filament is *optically centered* in the reflector—gives a "built-in spotlight" effect—puts more light where you need it to make passing easier and safer. Helps you recover your vision more quickly when the other car has passed.

Have a pair of General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps installed and aimed by your dealer, garage or service station! General Electric Co., Miniature Lamp Dept., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

Special low-beam filament shield lets you see better in fog, rain or snow. Upper beam reaches far and wide for safer driving on open road.

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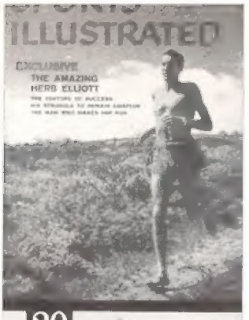
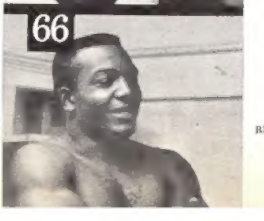


Cover: Herb Elliott ▶

Running barefoot over the flower-bedecked beach sands of Portsea, the world's fastest miler trains fiercely for the faraway season. For the untold story of his arduous life and fast times, see page 16.

Photograph by Tom Hutchins



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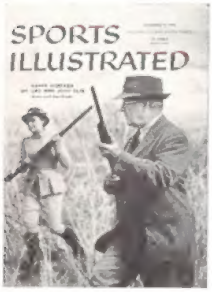

▶ Mr. and Mrs. John Olin are ardent hunters. But more than that, as Virginia Kraft discloses, he has pioneered in the use of dogs and hunting preserves for conservation.

▶ At season's end, a round-up of the national sailing championships for all classes and a gallery of portraits of the skippers who made this the best year in U.S. boating.

▶ In temperate waters the scuba diver enters a chill, mystic realm called the "middle ground." Peter Gimbel explores it with his camera and describes it in evocative text.

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MEMO *from the publisher*

DURING Herb Elliott's two-year career the world's best distance runners have been trying vainly to catch up with the 20-year-old Australian clerk who holds the record for the mile at 3:54.5. His competitors' frustration has been shared until now by sports journalists, who have also found it impossible to get close. This fall, while negotiating with Promoter Leo Leavitt, Elliott put such a gap between himself and the press that even his own countrymen had no way of knowing what really prompted him to turn down Leavitt's $250,000 offer to turn professional.

But in the report by Don Connery in this issue you will find some answers to that—and many other enigmas around Herb Elliott.

To get his story, Connery performed feats of legwork which for sheer distance might try even the indefatigable Elliott. Between leaving his home base, TIME Inc.'s Bureau in New Delhi, and his return, Connery traveled some 15,000 miles—all to talk to one young man who was not sure he wanted to talk.

Arriving in Melbourne, in fact, Don first had to content himself with interviews with Runners John Landy and Mervyn Lincoln, Coaches Percy Cerutty and Franz Stampfl, Elliott's boss Lewis Luxton, his parents, classmates and teachers at his old school, family friends, brother Laurie, fiancée Anne, plus chats with countless Australians about "our Herb."

Perhaps by this time the elusive Elliott had begun to realize that, if no one could catch him from behind, he had finally encountered one man who had simply surrounded him.

Connery himself cabled us the happy ending: "Last Friday night Herb, his close buddy and fellow runner Robert Morgan-Morris, a Dalmatian hound and I bundled into Elliott's Austin for the 60 miles to his Portsea training camp. The bunkhouse sleeps four in as many bunks, but by Saturday afternoon more runners had

ELLIOTT-CONNERY CONFERENCE

turned up. Two volunteers slept in sleeping bags. When the athletes roared out of the camp for their morning gallop, I trailed behind like a penguin after greyhounds—feeling very old and fit as a corpse. That day I walked more miles than I know and scrambled up about a dozen sand dunes. Ditto Sunday. Elliott was always moving, forever exercising, but he talked some between bites of carrot and cabbage and at night before losing himself in sleep. Late Sunday when I returned grimy, unshaven and soggy in my sneakers, my Melbourne hotel had grave doubts. But the bellhop asked, 'Owyer goin', mate, orright?'

"By then I was . . . and so, I hope, was the story."

Harry Phillips

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"1288 miles wiped the bored look off my face"

A rather informal report on the new 1959 Cars of The Forward Look from Chrysler Corporation

By Dwight Bohmbach,
an advertising writer

Dwight Bohmbach—all 6 feet 5½ inches and 205 pounds of him—steps out of the new Chrysler Corporation car that wiped the bored look off his face during his trip from Detroit to New York and back in 24 hours.

I'VE ALWAYS lumped people who make automobiles in the same fanatic group with people who raise horses. If they're worth their salt, they're convinced they've got the hottest thing on the road—every year.

So when the boys at Chrysler Corporation told me they had some history-making new cars coming up for '59, I'm afraid I wasn't very polite.

I may even have yawned a bit.

"These cars are going to look like they can do more than any other car on the road," they enthused.

"Uh-huh," I muttered, rubbing a mosquito bite.

"They can do what they look like they can do!" they said.

"Don't tell me," I said firmly. "Show me."

Well—they did. And by golly, they were right. I've just come in from booting a new '59 Car of The *Forward* Look 1288 miles between Detroit and New York over a weekend.

"I will give 3 to 1 that these cars can out-corner, out-perform, and outlast anything in their classes."

When I arrived at Chrysler Corporation, there were six 1959 models standing in a row for me to see. A Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial —and a big sleek Plymouth wagon.

I could see right off what the engineers meant when they said these cars look like they can do more than any other cars on the road.

It's still easy to tuck one into an average garage. But their lean, sleek lines somehow make them *look* longer—give the cars a powerful, poised look like they're crouching to spring.

I'd already seen the '59 models from the other two big makers—and a lot of The *Forward* Look has rubbed off onto most of them. These people at Chrysler Corporation really started something; but the '59 Cars of The *Forward* Look are the best so far. Each has a distinct personality of its own, but you can tell they all sprang from the same good stock.

"The design that solved a 6 foot 5 1/2 inch engineering problem. (Namely, me.)"

They looked so low that frankly, I was skeptical about how I'd fit into one of them. (At 6′5½″ and 205, I'm a full-size engineering problem for most new cars.) But the body on Chrysler Corporation cars is unlike any other in the business. It's not only designed to be unusually strong and stable. It has the added virtue of letting the designer steal extra leg and head room for outsize passengers like me.

(continued)

"1288 miles wiped the bored look off my face"

(continued from preceding page)

But that's not the whole story. The '59 Cars of The *Forward* Look have one of the most thoughtful optional features to come out of Detroit in a long time: *Swivel Seats.* The front seats turn to face you like a fancy office chair. You simply *sit* into the car. Then swivel the seat around to the front on its noiseless nylon bearings, it locks in place, and you're ready to roll. Makes these the easiest cars to get in and out of I've ever seen. A long-awaited blessing for oversize men, gals wearing the chemise, bass fiddle players, people with carrying-age children—and *anybody* who's struggled in and out of cars.

The seat is padded with 2½ inches of foam rubber where you sit—and a full inch behind your back. Upholstery is new in all five '59 Chrysler Corporation cars, looks richer and more durable at the same time. It has a "hand-loomed" texture that looks like money. And it is upholstered as carefully as any custom-made sofa. Chrysler Corporation has a new Quality Craftsmanship program that's the most exacting in the industry—and you can see its results in this year's workmanship, inside and out.

Instrument panels are all redesigned, with instruments grouped around the speedometer where they're easy to see without looking away from the road for too long.

"A new paint for people who hate polishing"

Even the *paint* is new on these cars for '59, and if you're as lazy as I am about polishing the family car, you'll be all for it. It's a new kind of paint so tough and glossy you just sprinkle it down when the car gets dirty—wipe off the water and in 20 minutes it'll look like you spent the whole weekend polishing. You only have to wax it once in up to three years.

But the only way to tell anything about a car is to drive it. So I slipped behind the wheel.

The pushbutton driving controls are all in one small cluster of buttons to your left within easy reach. And this year a set of pushbuttons to your right controls temperature in the car. This puts everything literally at your fingertips.

I touched the Neutral button, turned the key, and the engine started. Even inside the garage, next to a wall, it sounded extraordinarily quiet. I put a light foot to the gas and got a throaty growl up front. I touched the Drive button and we moved out.

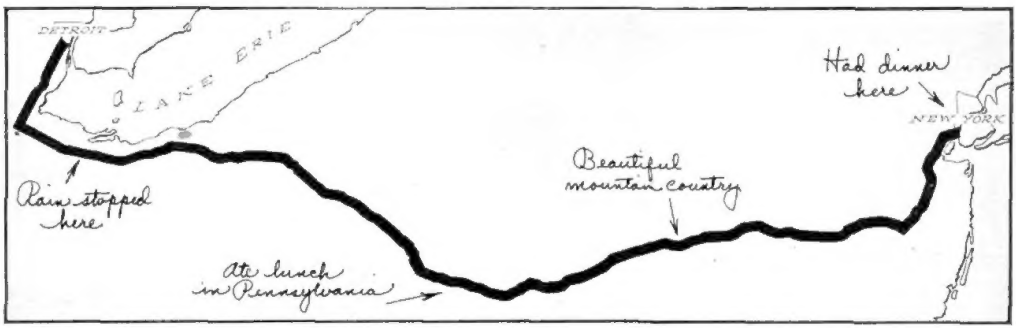
A persistent spraying rain was falling as we eased out into traffic. I turned a knob on the dash and the wipers started waving. These cars have *electric* wipers (they've had them for years). They don't slow to a gasp on hills, or when you step out to pass another car. A real safety feature.

"We started going places at the first stop light"

At the first stop light I got a hint of what we really had under the hood. With most big cars when you pull away from a stop the power comes on in a long, slow surge. But not this one. The seat tightened against my back when my foot poked the accelerator. (Now, I'm not a light-jumper. I usually sit back a bit and let the hotrods break the sound barrier getting away from stop lights. But any man gets a boot out of knowing he's got what it takes when he needs it. These cars have got it.)

The rain was more definite by the time we reached the outskirts of town. Other cars were easing around turns like old ladies on ice. But ours took them flat and firm as if we were on rails. Cars of The *Forward* Look have Torsion-Aire Ride, and it really makes a difference. Our six-passenger car grooved around turns with the assurance of a sportscar.

If you're used to a car that rides like a pile of pillows, and squeals like a backseat driver on the turns, it'll take you a few miles to get used to the Torsion-Aire Ride. It's unlike that in any family car I've ever driven—neither stiff nor mushy soft.



Route of Bohmbach's long drive in new '59 Chrysler Corporation car. Using turnpikes cut driving time almost in half.

Firm and sure-footed is how I'd describe it. Even over railroad tracks and cobbled roads, you get practically no bounce—just a nice firm, "flat" ride.

"They don't bob their noses or scrape their tails"

When you stop fast, these cars don't bob their noses. When you start fast they don't scrape their tails. Gives you a secure feeling that you are completely in control at all times.

The rain had stopped by the time we reached the turnpike. "Go ahead," the engineer riding with me urged, "Speed limit here is 65. Let's see what your time is from 0 to 60."

Frankly, even then I didn't expect too much of a big, family car. I pushed the Drive button, and trounced my foot on the gas. The car scrambled a bit, then took a firm hold on the road. At about 45 she went into high so gently you could hardly feel it—just a slight hesitation, and then we were floating, faster and faster. "Sixty!" said my rider, and he clicked his stop watch. We had gone from a standstill to 60 in about as much time as it would take you to read this sentence out loud.

Chrysler Corporation has always been jealously proud of its engineering reputation. Nobody else in the business has so many important engineering "firsts." The power plants in their '59 cars sure live up to that reputation.

"The brakes have the muscle to handle the power"

I've driven a lot of "hot" cars with brakes that didn't have nearly enough muscle to handle the power up front. But the brakes in these cars of The *Forward* Look are equal to any situation. Touch the brake pedal and it's strictly up to you how fast you want to stop. The secret is Total-Contact brakes. Practically every other car on the road has single cylinder brakes on all four wheels. Chrysler Corporation cars have single cylinder brakes in back—*double* cylinders up front, where most of the weight comes when you stop. And they are designed so the brake shoes come in contact with the drum *all the way around*—not just part of the way, as in most cars. This not only makes for easier, surer stops—but the brakes in Cars of The *Forward* Look wear better too.

Darkness caught up with us when we were still two hours out of New York. I was surprised to discover how fresh I felt after driving for a steady ten hours. A lot of things contribute to making these cars so relaxing to drive. But one of the most important is the power steering. It's called "Constant-Control Power Steering," and the name tells you its big difference over ordinary power rigs. This steering is quick and sensitive, with none of that deadness that makes you feel insecure in some cars. It gives you a nice firm "feel" of the road. And it works full-time—not just now and then. This full-time power steering helps take the strain out of long runs, makes the cars exceptionally nimble in town traffic. They're the easiest parking cars in their class.

Driving a Car of The *Forward* Look at night, you feel more than ever that the car is part of the road, and *you* are a part of the car. I've never driven a car that did so much to make me feel secure.

The low-set headlamps give a sweeping, intense view of the road. The big compound windshield, these cars pioneered, gives unusual visibility (and incidentally—there's safety glass all around). With the new instrument panel, instruments *glow* instead of glare. The headlamps have a new Automatic Beam Changer that dims them for approaching cars, switches them back up after the car has passed. Even the rear vision mirror is electronically controlled, and adjusts itself automatically. When lights come up behind you, it dims itself, so you know they're there—but without glare.

"Wrings more pleasure out of a gallon of gas than any other car I've ever driven"

We were in Manhattan in time for dinner, having easily covered the 644 miles from Detroit in 12 hours. And with fewer stops for gas than I had ever experienced before. These cars wring more pleasure out of a gallon of gas than any other automobile I've ever driven. It's no happenstance that Chrysler Corporation cars ran away with performance honors in the 1957 and 1958 Mobilgas Economy Run—with every other major car in America pitted against them.

The next night, back in Detroit, I checked our mileage. We had covered 1288 miles in 24 hours driving time.

After our ground-covering weekend, the car felt ready to start right out again. And I—well, you can't drive so far in *any* car and not feel tired. But I was fresher than I have ever felt after driving *three or four* hundred miles. This one drive brought out the difference great engineering makes.

So if you happen to see a large man with a particularly smug look on his face, getting into a new Car of The *Forward* Look—*you'll know who it is.* It'll be Yours Truly.

Chrysler Corporation

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Every feature described here is available on most cars of The *Forward* Look for '59 either as standard equipment or at slight additional cost. Drive the models that appeal to you most. Choose the one that best suits your personal preference and pocketbook. From the lowest priced Plymouth to the highest priced Imperial each has the most to offer in its price bracket.

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FOOTBALL'S 7TH WEEK

COMPILED BY MERVIN HYMAN

With college football clicking along toward bowl time, one thing is certain. The era of domination by the Oklahomas, Notre Dames, Armys and Ohio States, so prevalent since the war years, has finally come to an end. After seven weeks of exciting and often turbulent action, there are at least half a dozen fine teams clamoring excitedly for recognition as the nation's best—a situation which is refreshing, to say the least.

BACK OF THE WEEK: Quarterback George Izo, starting his first game, deftly directed Notre Dame's new wing-T attack, passed for three TDs to beat Navy 40-20.

THE MIDWEST

Northwestern, refusing to become fodder for the **Ohio State** meat grinder, met the Buckeyes on their own terms and gave them a thrilling lesson in ball control before winning 21-0 to stir up the Big Ten. After almost three full periods of hard-nose, crunching football, wonderful Dick Thornton found Halfback Ron Burton running free as the breeze behind the Ohio State secondary and laid a perfect lead pass into his arms for a 67-yard touchdown play. In the last quarter Thornton covered 33 yards in two desperate runs for another score and completed the Buckeye humiliation with a short touchdown pass to End Elbert Kimbrough. Gloated deliriously happy Coach Ara Parseghian: "This is the only present I want. Nothing for my birthday. Nothing for Christmas. This is all I want."

Iowa, the only team to beat the incredible Wildcats, ended 34 years of frustration at Ann Arbor, finally mastering **Michigan** 37-14 to remain atop the nervous Big Ten heap. Coach Forest Evashevski, an old Wolverine himself, took the wraps off Sophmore Halfback Willie Fleming (*see page 13*) and watched him bewitch Michigan with a 72-yard punt return and a 61-yard touchdown dash.

Wisconsin stayed in the scramble, easing past thoroughly deflated **Michigan State** 9-7. At Lafayette, Ind. 46,357 fans who turned out to watch **Purdue**'s Golden Girl, Adelaide Jeanne Darling, wiggle her way through the hula were disappointed when she left some wrinkles out of her act but were pleased when the Boilermakers, aided by stubby Skip Ohl's two field goals, beat **Illinois** 31-8. **Minnesota,** down deeper than a Gopher these days, took another one on the chin, losing to **Indiana** 6-0. The top three:

1. IOWA (5-0-1)
2. NORTHWESTERN (5-1-0)
3. OKLAHOMA (5-1-0)

THE SOUTH

Unbeaten **LSU,** reaching for the Sugar Bowl with 33 able hands, combined the best efforts of all three of its units to hand **Mississippi** its first defeat, 14-0. The Rebs, waiting anxiously for the (Billy) Cannon to go off, couldn't handle Halfback Johnny Robinson's diving crossbucks from the double wing T and found themselves outmanned defensively by Coach Paul Dietzel's "white unit" and "Chinese bandits." The high-strung Tigers, alone now at the head of the SEC, took their cue from a gallant second-period goal-line stand led by Center Max Fugler (*right*) and rallied to turn a Mississippi fumble and an alert recovery of a blocked kick into two short-yardage touchdowns by Quarterbacks Warren Rabb and Durel Matherne.

Good-field, no-hit **Auburn,** easy to scare but tough to beat, had the pitching to squeeze past **Florida** 6-5. Trailing 3-0 after Gator Billy Booker's 23-yard field goal in the third quarter, Auburn passed its way downfield, scoring on a 10-yard toss from third-string Quarterback Dick Wood to End Joe Leichtnam. Minutes later the Tigers trembled again when Florida drove to the one-yard line but the Gators fumbled and Auburn gave up an automatic safety to get out of trouble.

North Carolina, preening for a bowl bid, coasted to a 21-7 victory over **Tennessee** when the mooselike middle bursts of Fullback Don Klochak parted the Vol line and kept the secondary honest for Quarterback Jack Cummings' passing.

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Big, tough LSU Center Max Fugler led gang tacklers in goal line stand, constantly shot gaps to harass Mississippi backs in 14-0 victory.

Clemson all but wrapped up the ACC title with a narrow 14-12 win over **Wake Forest** as Johnny Mac Goff, subbing for injured Harvey White, sneaked over from the one-yard line in the last quarter.

After four futile field goal attempts, Sophomore Tommy Wells finally found the range from the 14-yard line to give **Georgia Tech** a 10-8 win over stubborn **Duke,** the third game the Blue Devils have lost on a three-pointer; **Kentucky,** the most defeated good team in the South, responded behind Halfback Calvin Bird's pass-snatching and running to beat **Mississippi State** 33-12.

In other games, Quarterback Richie Petitbon's passing breathed life into listless **Tulane** for a 27-0 win over **Texas Tech;** **Maryland**'s Ed Nickla, a 225-pound tackle, harried **South Carolina**'s centers into two bad passes, enough to give the Terps a 10-6 upset; **Alabama** defeated **Georgia** 12-0; **Vanderbilt** added to **Miami**'s troubles by hustling the Hurricanes to their third straight loss 28-15. The top three:

1. LSU (7-0-0)
2. AUBURN (5-0-1)
3. MISSISSIPPI (6-1-0)

continued

COACH OF THE YEAR

TOAST OF THE MIDWEST is young Ara Parseghian, coach of the Northwestern Wildcats. Parseghian, whose team in 1957 lost all nine of its games, has masterminded 5-1 record, 21-0 upset conquest of the power-laden Ohio State Buckeyes.

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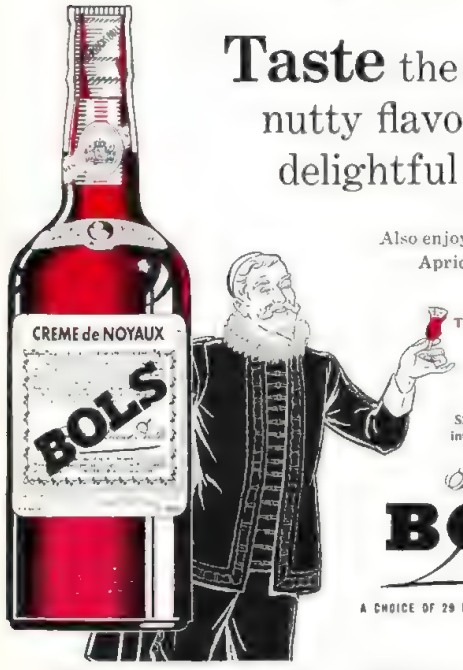

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FOOTBALL'S 7TH WEEK *continued*

THE EAST

Bogged down by its own lack of imagination for most of the season, **Notre Dame** struck with oldtime Irish efficiency from a spanking new wing T to beat hard-pressed **Navy** 40-20. Quarterback George Izo *(see page 11)*, faking magnificently, provided the direction as well as the much-needed air arm, completing nine of 14 passes for 181 yards and three touchdowns as the hard-charging Irish line kept the pressure on the Middies.

Syracuse, beaten only by Holy Cross, moved up among the East's few bowl eligibles on the strength of a come-from-behind 16-13 upset of **Pitt**. Trailing 13-10 in the fading minutes, the Orange moved 80 yards under the guiding hands of Quarterback Chick Zimmerman, who dove over from the one-yard line.

Cornell continued to lead the Ivies, romping over **Columbia** 25-0, while **Dartmouth**, with a 22-14 victory over **Yale**, and **Princeton**, a 28-18 winner over **Brown**, remained within breathing distance. But **Harvard** was not quite so fortunate, bowing to **Penn** 19-6.

Rutgers, one of the nation's two major unbeaten teams, moved past **Delaware** 37-20; **Army** outmanned, outpowered and outclassed helpless **Colgate** 68-6; **Holy Cross** defeated **Dayton** 26-0; **Boston College** found Dick Bass hard to contain when he got into the open but managed to keep him inside often enough to whip **COP** 25-12. The top three:

1. **ARMY** (5-0-1)
2. **SYRACUSE** (5-1-0)
3. **RUTGERS** (6-0)

THE WEST

Oregon State found a way to bottle up **California's** Joe Kapp, sending Tackle Ted Bates crashing in to smother the biggest Bear as he rolled out on his option plays. The result: an intercepted pitchout

7TH WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA Statistics)

SCORING	TD	PAT	FG	PTS.
Bill Austin, Rutgers	11	6	0	72
Howard Cook, Colorado	9	2	1	59
Ron Burton, Northwestern	9	4	0	58

RUSHING	R	YDS.	AVG.
Dick Bass, COP	101	700	6.9
Bill Austin, Rutgers	125	656	5.2
Don Perkins, New Mexico	106	615	5.8

PASSING	A	C	PCT.	YDS.	TD
Lee Grosscup, Utah	112	64	.571	801	3
Randy Duncan, Iowa	102	60	.588	766	6
Ralph Hunsaker, Ariz.	113	60	.531	722	4

TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS.
Charles Milstead, Tex. A&M	227	779	1,006
Bill Holsclaw, Va. Tech	175	785	960
Bill Austin, Rutgers	656	274	930

TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.
Army	425	2,450	408.3
Iowa	420	2,304	384.0
Air Force	446	2,249	374.8

TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.
Auburn	305	792	132.0
Purdue	326	963	160.5
Pitt	385	1,158	165.4

for a touchdown and a pass theft to set up another score in a 14-8 victory that sent the eager Beavers to the top of the frantic PCC race.

USC caught hot-and-cold **Stanford** on the frigid side and clobbered the Indians 29-6; **Washington State** made its last stand against **UCLA** a winning one, trouncing the Bruins 38-20 for the first time in 21 years, **Washington** nuzzled past **Oregon** 6-0.

Colorado started off bravely enough against **Oklahoma,** pushing over a touchdown in the first quarter, but the undefeated Buffs just didn't have the power or the depth to stop a Sooner backfield that charged like frightened beer barrels behind a relentless line. In the end Oklahoma won 23-7 and Colorado began dreaming about next year.

The **Air Force,** faced with the prospect of getting shot down for the first time,

NEW FACES OF THE WEEK: Princeton Tailback Hugh Scott (*left*) scored twice, caught one conversion pass as Tigers beat Brown 28-18; spunky Iowa Halfback Willie Fleming tallied on two electrifying runs in 37-14 victory over Michigan.

rallied behind Rich Mayo's passing (28 for 46 and 214 yards) to overcome **Oklahoma State** 33-29; **New Mexico** was still top dog in the Skyline Conference after holding off **Denver** 21-15. The top three:

1. AIR FORCE (5-0-1)
2. OREGON STATE (5-2-0)
3. COLORADO (5-1-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

TCU's Horned Frogs, going nowhere with their passing game until third-string Halfback Harry Moreland provided running support, jumped over **Baylor** 22-0 and into a first-place tie with idle Rice in the Southwest Conference.

SMU spotted **Texas** 10 points before Don Meredith tuned up his pitching arm to run down the Longhorns 26-10; **Arkansas,** soundly beaten six straight times, defied **Texas A&M** with a three-man line and made the shocking maneuver pay off with a 21-8 win over the air-minded Aggies.

Houston, jolted for two quick touchdowns by **Tulsa,** never could catch up and eventually bowed 25-20 for its first Missouri Valley Conference loss in three years. The top three:

1. RICE (4-2-0)
2. TCU (5-1-0)
3. SMU (3-3-0)

RED GRANGE PREDICTS

WISCONSIN VS. NORTHWESTERN
Northwestern has certainly been the surprise of the year but I don't think the Wildcats have the depth to stand up under their tough week-to-week Big Ten schedule. Quarterback Dale Hackbart and a big Badger line give the edge to WISCONSIN.

MINNESOTA VS. IOWA
Iowa's offensive variations, handled expertly by Quarterback Randy Duncan, will be too much for the poor Gophers. IOWA.

OHIO STATE VS. PURDUE
The Buckeyes can't seem to get moving offensively and their strong defense may not be able to contain Purdue's fast backs and line-busting Bob Jarus. PURDUE.

PITT VS. NOTRE DAME
No winner here because I'll be doing this NCAA telecast on NBC-TV, but it should be a dandy battle of quarterbacks as Pitt's Toncic and Kaliden match passes with Notre Dame's Izo and Williams.

PRINCETON VS. HARVARD
The Tigers are still in contention in the Ivy League while the Harvards slipped a notch against Penn. An even-up game, with a slight bulge to PRINCETON.

LSU VS. DUKE
A mob of good linemen and backs like Warren Rabb and Billy Cannon should keep the boys from the bayou unbeaten and untied on their way to the Sugar Bowl. LSU.

AUBURN VS. MISSISSIPPI STATE
Auburn has been cutting its margin mighty fine recently but I'll stick with the Tigers until some team finds a way to beat that big defense. State can't do it. AUBURN.

RICE VS. ARMY
A close one, but I doubt whether even an improving Rice club can tie up Army's Dawkins and Anderson long enough to win. ARMY.

SMU VS. TEXAS A&M
Don Meredith is back and the Mustangs are ready to kick up their heels again. The Aggies will find it difficult to defense against SMU's spread formations and Meredith's passing. SMU.

CALIFORNIA VS. UCLA
The only thing certain on the West Coast this year is that the unpredictable will happen. The Golden Bears need this one to stay within reach of the Rose Bowl, and Joe Kapp's superior passing should win for CALIFORNIA.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
6 RIGHT; 3 WRONG; 0 TIE
RECORD TO DATE: 41-20-3

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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

FOR THE RECORD

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BOXING *DONNIE FLEEMAN* ... *heavyweight champion, ... Ring ... Charles, ... Detroit ... JOHNNY CARSON ... Cleveland ... JORGE ORTIZ ... Bantam ... HOGAN KID BASSEY ... Featherweight ... Colored ... Nov. 7 ... INGEMAR JOHANSSON ... heavyweight ... Floyd ... by ... Nov. 7 ... CARLOS ORTIZ ... Bantam ... Ramos ... Feb. ... Bantam ... Kid ... Nov. 7 ... Bantam ... Kid ... Nov. 7 ... Bantam ... Kid ... Nov. 7

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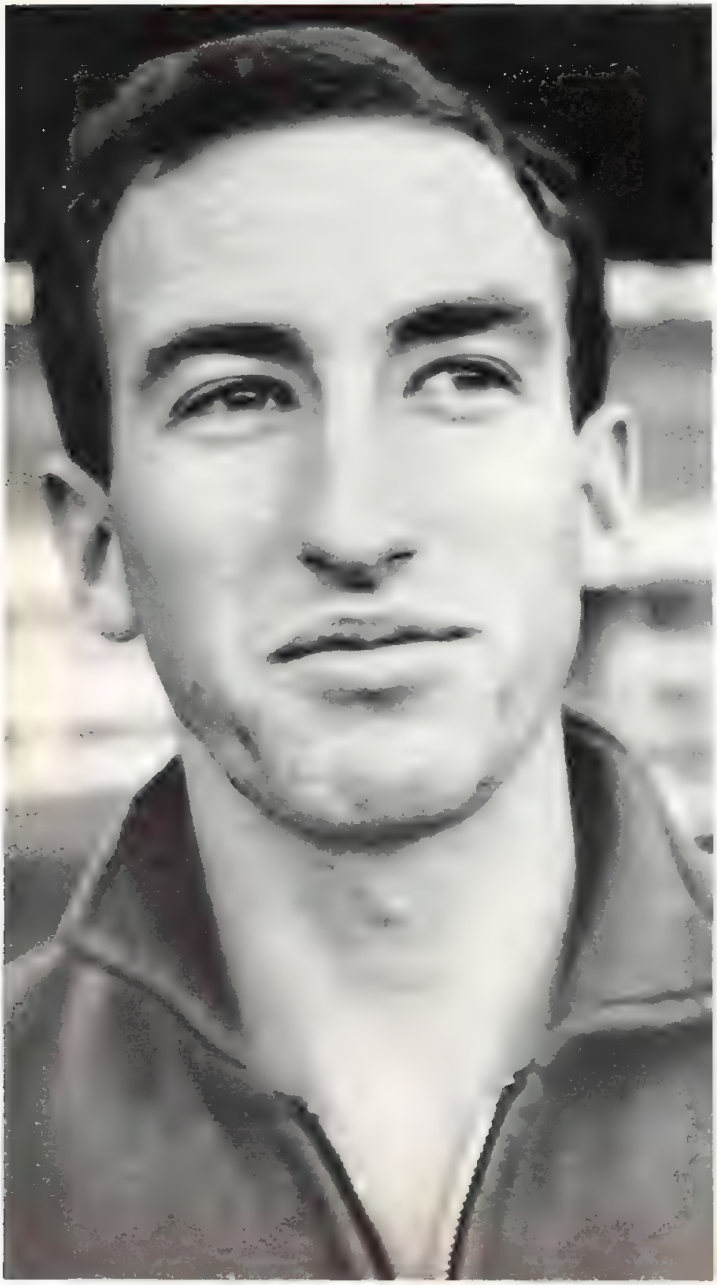


Led by a fanatic and driven by private furies, Australia's fantastic miler finds solace and satisfaction in pushing himself beyond endurance

by DON CONNERY

ON A PRIMEVAL, wind-swept beach at Portsea, a curling tongue of scruffy Cape Cod land 60 miles south of Melbourne, a slender Australian clerk with a Dick Tracy nose and a tanned body of sinewy steel sprints a final hundred yards and slumps to the golden sand. Dragging in his footsteps like the exhausted survivors of a desert march come a boilermaker, shoemaker, architect, draftsman and a panting Dalmatian.

Catching his breath after the chill morning's 14-mile gallop down a sandy road, round and round the rolling Portsea golf course and along the broad beach, the leggy clerk revives suddenly. He kicks off his trunks and moldy track shoes, and plunges into the frigid waters of the Bass Strait. The others follow dazedly and thrash with him in the foaming breakers. Then he leads them, clothing in hand, in a naked single file through a forest of looming, unruly sand dunes. At the largest dune, he grunts at the 60° slope, then alone churns up the grueling 80 feet. (On another day, more refreshed, he had mounted the dune a record 42 times in succession.) Muscles now worked to the limit, he leads the troupe of young athletes through scrub and roots and over barbed-wire fences to a clapboard "ski hut" surrounded by rusty barrels, empty paint cans and orange peels. They dart into a cold shower, then collapse into bunks and sleeping bags. But within half an hour, as if someone had turned on the juice, the clerk is up again. Refueling on raw carrots, cabbage, brown bread, cheese and milk, he cuts around the stunted

HERB ELLIOTT

tea trees to a grove marked "muscle tougheners" and begins hefting barbells and heavy slabs of rail.

Thus does Herbert James Elliott, 20, world's fastest man, owner of the international mile and 1,500-meter track records and already preserved in wax at Madame Tussaud's, work off the problems and frustrations of success with deliberate tortures of the body. A man who seems to find in prolonged and superhuman effort the isolation from the public and private furies which possess him, Elliott is the prototype of the modern superathlete who seems destined to go far beyond the limits of what hitherto has been considered tolerable for the human physique. For him, this Saturday morning workout was only the beginning of two grinding days of running and exercising at a fitness fanatic's homemade commando course. For four days during the work week, resting only on Friday, he had lifted weights and run 10 miles every day through Melbourne's abundant parks. Now he would run some 50 miles over the weekend before hacking off his brief beard and returning, in his gray Austin, to the Monday morning files and adding machines of the finance department, Shell Chemical (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. His next race was months away—not until February next year. He would not run abroad until March. But Herb Elliott acted as if tomorrow were already here.

"Too many runners make the mistake," he says, "of thinking their hard training should begin when the racing season starts. But now is the time of year when they should really be training hardest. When the season is on, I just relax and do a little jogging."

Herb Elliott is an amateur athlete, but his approach to running is strictly professional. Under the verbal lash of his flamboyant coach-conditioner, 63-year-old Percy Cerutty, Elliott has whipped himself into the most relentless running machine in the world. From his first bowlful of dry John Bull oats, bananas, raisins and nuts in the morning to his five more pages of H. G. Wells's monumental (1,200 pages) *Outline of History* before lights out, Elliott leads the "Stotan" life of sacrifice and self-reliance that Cerutty preaches from the examples of Stoics and Spartans. The object is to burn the legs off every middle- and long-distance front-runner in the world.

The results are impressive. A schoolboy-athlete hero and now barely out of his teens, Elliott, in the less than two years since giving up an aimless, easygoing life in his native Perth, has swept across the track world like a Hun. "I wouldn't exactly say I have the killer instinct," he says. "It's just that I don't like to lose." He rarely has lost any race, and never his specialty, the glamour run: the mile.

With scarcely six weeks of furious training under Cerutty after a year of inactivity, 18-year-old Elliott ran nine spectacular races in January and February 1957. He broke the junior (under 19) world mile record his first time out, in 4 minutes 6 seconds, and soon broke that down to 4:04.4. He emerged with a bagful of Australian junior records: 800 meters, 880 yards, 1,500 meters, mile, 3,000 meters, two miles and three miles (*see page 71*). At least three—the mile, the two- and the three-mile—were, and are, world junior records. Turning 19 in late February last year, Elliott in his first senior race came within a hair of cracking the 4-minute barrier with a sizzling 4:00.4. Two days later he took the Australian 880-yard (half-mile) record from John Landy with a 1:49.3, simultaneously setting a new Australian record for 800 meters with a 1:48.6.

This year, Elliott, twice running sub-4 minute miles (3:59.9 and 3:58.7) within a week's time in Melbourne, went on to stage the most awesome display of personal prowess in track history. In 29 races, from Toowoomba (near Brisbane) to Oslo, Elliott lost only three—at 440 and 880 yards, and at two miles—and won all 12 of his mile runs. He ticked

continued

CERUTTY'S PRIVATE HELL DUNE, A 60° SLOPE, IS CLIMAX OF THE DAILY WORKOUT

off an unprecedented 10 sub-4-minute miles and bagged the mile and 1,500-meter records with the stunning times of 3:54.5 and 3:36. In a year notable for astonishing performances, broken records and the total demolition of the 4-minute barrier, Elliott was clearly the driving force.

Barring injury or a temperamental decision to chuck it all, Elliott's potential seems limitless. So young and with so much already under his belt, he is fully expected to run the mile in 3:50 or less within a year or two by everyone from John Landy, whom Elliott has replaced as Australia's national sports hero, to his foremost rival, Melbourne Schoolteacher Mervyn Lincoln. Many track experts agree with Percy Cerutty that Elliott may well pocket, simultaneously, all the track titles from 800 to 10,000 meters. Even the marathon, 26 miles, 385 yards is not ruled out; Herb is already verging on marathon training.

A SWELL OF PRIDE

In sports-loving Australia, a giant, rugged land of a mere 10 million people where the summer sun beats hardest at Christmas, all this contributed to a tremendous swell of national pride. Elliott's world sweep, added to Aussie dominance in tennis, swimming and, now more than ever, track, has caused visions to dance before the eyes of sports fans and officials in which Elliott-led Australian teams run wild in the 1960 Rome Olympics and the 1962 British Empire Games in Herb's home town of Perth in Western Australia. By then, so Aussies gloat, Herb will be stronger, enormously experienced, absolutely unbeatable, the greatest runner of modern times and a cruising billboard for the vigor and wonder of the land down under.

This rousing reverie was rudely interrupted in mid-August by a short, swart publicist-promoter named Leo Leavitt, a onetime Honolulu boxing operator who was drumbeating the global tour of Goose Tatum's Harlem Trotters (not to be confused, but they usually are, with Abe Saperstein's Harlem Globetrotters). In Melbourne, a week after Elliott's record mile run in Dublin, Leavitt, who calls himself the "last of the Damon Runyon characters," announced that he was offering Herb Elliott a spectacular $250,000 two-year contract to turn professional.

Already helplessly irate over Jack Kramer's vacuuming of their great tennis stars, Australians reacted to Leavitt's bombshell with a colorful mixture of shock and cynicism. They howled at "these hungry American promoters," but they couldn't really blame Herb if he bit the bait. "The Lee-vitt's a terrible person to tempt our 'Erbie that way," cooed a grandmother. "'Erbie's such a nice boy. Not a bit skiting [boastful], you know." "My oath!" bawled an earthy cabbie. "'E's a flamin' mug if 'e don' take it!" "Stone the crows!" a sunbrowned laborer swore. "The boy's a bloody fool if 'e don't grab the dough with both hands!" From Europe, Elliott said guardedly that "I can't really believe a fellow would have that much money lying around to stick in my bank."

But Leavitt, bustling about Australia like a one-man carnival, proceeded to bolster his offer with definitive—or so they seemed—details. He painted a glowing picture of Herb's future as a professional, promising to "perpetrate [sic] Elliott's name in history." He would tour the world with Goose Tatum, do some basketball announcing, sign autographs, give cigaret and cornflake testimonials, run for prize money against a field of hired hands "like Wes Santee." He would sing better than the Crosby boys, star on television, make movies, maybe tap-dance. "But nothing undignified," Leo promised. "One thing for sure, Herb won't have to stand out front selling tickets."

Some Australians reacted with more than expletives. To head off Leavitt, a group of businessmen began talking up a trust fund to secure Elliott's future. Amateur officials scowled. The Shell Company of Australia countered with an offer of a university scholarship and the prospect of an executive future. Lewis Luxton, Herb's boss and onetime Olympic rower (for Cambridge at Los Angeles in 1932), insisted that such a Shell education would be neither favoritism nor unprecedented and would fall well within the bounds of amateurism. Luxton should know; he is a representative in Australia of Avery Brundage's International Olympic Federation.

What blocked the deal in the end was neither Australia's outrage nor any counteroffers that might have tempted Elliott nor even Herb's true-blue amateur spirit. The man who killed it was Leavitt himself. His big talk almost won the confidence of Herb and his father, though never his mother ("We didn't bring up our boys to associate with people like that"), but he never quite produced the cash or credentials to back up his lip. Billing himself as "the world's greatest promoter," Leavitt could never give any flat guarantee that Elliott would not be used as a mere performing seal. Meanwhile, Australian newspapers questioned the reputation, resources and motives of Leavitt's outfit, Western Promotions, Inc. of San Francisco, headed by Bobo Olson's old fight manager, Sid Flaherty. They seemed to see the bulky shadow of Jim Norris in the background. Everybody wondered how Leavitt could possibly make back his quarter million dollars in two years.

A CORPORATION IN THE BAHAMAS

The Elliotts, *fils et père*, did not seem at first to share any of these compunctions. Although Percy Cerutty warned from Europe that "it seems to be a very precarious scheme," Herb Elliott senior, once a small-time sports promoter himself, and friends looked over all angles. They consulted the legal advisers to Tennis Pro Frank Sedgman. They figured the income-tax bite might be softest if Herb were set up as a corporation in the Bahamas. When Leavitt flew to Japan after a conference with the Elliotts in Perth, Herb saw him off at the airport in an affectionate farewell and gave him a boomerang inscribed, "Goodby, Leo. Might see you in Tokyo."

Soon afterwards, when the two Herbs returned from a kangaroo shoot in the hills outside Perth, they had a businesslike telephone talk with Leavitt in Tokyo. "This discussion must be treated in the strictest secrecy," opined Elliott senior. Agreed, said Leo. "We feel that as a matter of equity we must ask you to place £30,000 [$67,200] into our solicitor's bank account in escrow for Herb, to be paid him if he accepts this offer." Herb passed his father a note: "Tell him it will prove him dinkum [O.K.]." Leavitt, seemingly agreeable, rasped in his frog voice that he would fly straight to Perth to clinch the deal. But when Leavitt failed to turn up on schedule and no word was forthcoming about his whereabouts, Herb decided Leo wasn't dinkum after all. He called a sudden press conference to announce that he had de-

cided to do what would make himself and his fiancée, pretty Perth hairdresser Anne Dudley, "happiest." Besides, he had been nagged by the thought of not appearing in the 1962 Empire Games in Perth. He was staying amateur. The assembled reporters and photographers cheered and celebrated with the Elliotts and friends on champagne, chicken sandwiches and asparagus tips. Herb flew off to Melbourne to resume training after a month's layoff and return to his Shell desk.

But the irrepressible Leavitt, spewing black ink headlines like a squid in flashy cufflinks, was still to wring countless columns of publicity out of the Elliott name. Flying into Darwin from Hong Kong, he warned: "I have one question to ask Elliott and if I don't get the right answer he will never run in the Rome Olympics. . . . I am as certain as my finger is now in this glass of whisky that Elliott will come with me." He was also, he promised, going to "bust up those slobs" of the amateur union.

"I love that boy," said Leavitt. "I *wouldn't want to hurt him, but if* Herb Elliott says no to me I will refer the matter to two judges of the Supreme Court of California who are friends of Leo." He claimed he had a damaging tape recording of a secret phone talk with the Elliotts but never produced it. When Leavitt's rantings went too far and Aussies began threatening boycott of the Harlem Trotters, the promoter asked, "Is Elliott a sacred cow?" and whimpered, "No one believes me. . . . All I want the people of Australia to do is leave me alone." And just to make sure they did, he announced that he was about to offer the Konradses, Australia's famous teen-age swimming kids, a fabulous pro contract. From Mama Konrads came a scathing "No." Far off in Perth, Elliott senior, haggard and out of pocket a few thousand quid thanks to enforced neglect of business and the high costs of amateurism, muttered: "Our house has been turned into a circus. If we could only have some peace!"

To anyone who knew Herb Elliott, boy, youth and background, all these shenanigans would seem incongruous. Even the city of Perth, which by its very nature is inclined to take sporting things seriously, had never known such a hullabaloo. Twelve miles down the Swan River from the port of Fremantle, Perth is the capital and

continued on page 70

WITH LEO LEAVITT in happier days, Herb Elliott poses smilingly as he presents the promoter with an inscribed boomerang. Soon after, their brief friendship soured.

WITH HIS MOTHER, the boy wonder is the picture of youthful charm, almost belying her description of him. "Living with Herbert is like living with an atom bomb."

WITH HIS FATHER, Elliott holds press conference on the proposed deal with Leavitt. Elliott senior, who was at first disposed toward deal, was later bitterly disillusioned.

WOMEN IN MOTION

COEDS IRE and men's blood were raised with appearance of Purdue's Darling.

NOW ALL TOGETHER, let us face up to a relatively new problem in human affairs: Woman's Place on the Football Field. Not to be lightly regarded either, mind you, for here is a question that has aroused controversy across a goodly chunk of mid-America recently. There is, for your first consideration, Purdue's Golden Girl, a Miss Adelaide Darling. Miss Darling, to the dismay of her sister coeds, appeared at half time of the Purdue-Notre Dame game in the fetching, skin-tight, gold lamé whatchamacallit you see at the left. Her twitching performance was a hula dance, she said, but another girl reflected: "She not only walks and talks but wiggles excessively." So much tittle-tattle to Adelaide, who only slightly modified her act at the Illinois game last week.

Directly to the south of Purdue lies Nashville's Vanderbilt University. Tradition there is loomed of stronger stuff, as a Miss Anne Lane has discovered. Miss Lane, encouraged by an enterprising band director, obliged the Vanderbilt band by becoming the first female baton twirler to represent the school since the early '40s. When she did, though wearing a seemly habit of leotards, a great in-sucking of alumni breath was to be heard in the stands. The following week Anne was out of work, and a revered heritage was preserved.

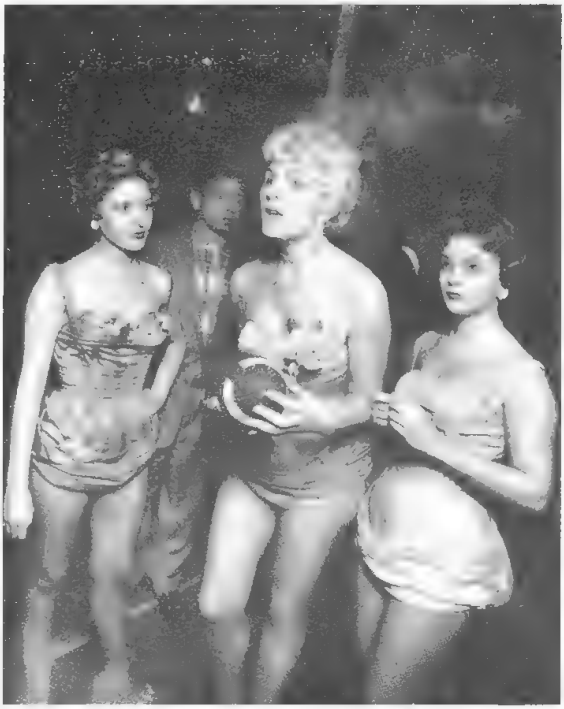
A more extreme case of violated propriety comes from Chicago. The Gaslight Club, a chichi drinkery that affects an opulent Victorian air, mustered an all-girl team from among its long-stemmed waitresses to oppose the professional Cardinals. The ladies of Gaslight U. maneuvered in Comiskey Park with the cha-cha formation—a sort of a kind of a T. "Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, This time we go right through the middle," chanted the Gaslight girls in the huddle. Then, cha-cha-cha-ing up to the line, they prattled: "Cha-cha-cha. Let's go, Gaslight U!"

"Throw out your chests," begged a photographer. "Throw back your shoulders," corrected a public relations man. Woman's place? You are invited to take it from there.

ONE-NIGHT STAND was all for Majorette Anne Lane at hidebound Vanderbilt.

STATUE OF LIBERTY PLAY was never seriously tested as Cardinal linemen fell into bemused state and Gaslight U.'s Tony LeMay forgot and passed.

WINNING SMILE was used to deceive pursuers by Beverly Lowry, GU left end, as she skittered away from Cardinals Lamar McHan (8) and Don Gillis.



PREGAME WORKOUT was held at Gaslight U. Here first-string players, still in work clothes, familiarize themselves with pass-play fundamentals.

WOMEN IN COMMAND

ALTHOUGH it may rudely shock scarlet-coated traditionalists of Irish and English hunting, *one of the most active hunts in America* is entirely manned by women. Mill Creek Hunt in Wadsworth, Ill. has as master of fox hounds Mrs. James Simpson Jr. What's more, she and her three lady whippers-in are vastly more attractive *on or off a horse than their traditional* opposites, and they are so proficient that they hunt the Mill Creek hounds without benefit of a professional huntsman, a situation rare in fox hunting. While the three-times-a-week hunt *schedule is more than most of the area's businessmen* can meet, the gentlemen of the hunt are on hand for each weekend's outing and, as is evident here, resplendently present in evening scarlet to square the ladies to the hunt's annual ball.

Photograph by Arthur Singer

A CHAMPAGNE TOAST is raised to Mr. Simpson by Mr. Charles Steele (*seated*), former master of Mill Creek Hunt and ranking active member. She is joined by (*around table from Mr. Steele's left*) Mrs.

THE LADIES OF THE HUNT (*left to right*) Hunter trial ace (*in tan coat*) Hurlbut Jones, who was formerly Mrs. Simpson's joint master of Mill Creek Hunt, listens in. Mrs. Gregory Chandler of Wauconda (*left*) and Mrs. Marcus Walker of Lake Forest (*in tan coat*) are Mr. Simpson's three lady whippers-in. Third whip is Mrs. Charles Harding III of Prairie View, Ill.

James B. Orthwein; Mrs. Geneva Chandler, Mr. Orthwein, joint master of St. Louis's Bridle Spur Hunt; Mrs. Simpson; John Hutchens; Mrs. Malcolm Walker; Hurlbud Johnston; and Mrs. Bardwell L. Smith.

POSTPRANDIAL DANCERS are Mrs. James Orthwein and Hurlbud Johnston of Lake Bluff. Gentlemen have collars and lapels faced in Mill Creek's blue.

BALL'S PRETTIEST BLONDE was Miss Petie Rahr of Manitowoc, Wis., here with Dorr Carpenter of Lake Forest. The ladies' black velvets and pale brocades set off the men's scarlet and blue.

POST-POLKA HAND KISS is proffered Miss Virginia Lunding of Winnetka by gallant Count Waldemar Armfelt of Chicago. Count Armfelt wore order of the Knights of Malta.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Bluegrass or Siberia?

A CERTAIN cautious taciturnity can generally be expected of Iron Curtain athletes emerging to compete in the free world. To come suddenly from a land where talk is always dangerous and dreams must ever be censored into a world where everyone says what he likes is in some respects like rising too fast from the depths of the sea. Small bubbles of hope begin pounding in the bloodstream like nitrogen in the arteries of a skin-diver with the bends, and the better part of survival lies in applying a high degree of recompression. A noncommittal grunt is about the best any reporter can hope to get from a Russian athlete breathing free air for the first time.

All of which is only to say that the latest Iron Curtain athletes to arrive in this country have been just as tight-lipped about their first impressions, their plans for the future, their hopes and their dreams as any of their predecessors. The fact is that Zaryad and Garnir, the Moscow 3-year-olds who came over last week to carry the colors of Horse Training Factory No. 33 in the $100,000 International at Laurel, Md. (*see page 33*), have refused to say a single, solitary word.

We frankly can't blame them. We don't know much about a horse's life in Russia. As top Thoroughbreds, Garnir and Zaryad probably have it a good deal better than many a lesser comrade. But what if they lose the International? What if they shatter a sesamoid in some later race? Does that mean the glue factory then and there? Or perhaps an endless wintry life of Siberian troika hauling? We don't know, and we suspect that maybe Garnir and Zaryad are not too sure themselves.

But we do know, and we guess they do, too, by now, that endless acres of rich Kentucky bluegrass lie only a reasonable number of kilometers beyond the finish post at Laurel, green pastures that beckon to all who would browse in the sweet scents of freedom.

What are the Russian horses thinking? What do they say to each other in suppressed Slavic whickerings? Will they stand obediently at the end of the race and let themselves be shipped back to bondage, or, with one great effort, will they toss their jocks, clear the nearest fence and head for the bluegrass?

We're thinking of Boris Pasternak, too.

Design and Effect

THE sports car boom in Florida has led one enterprising bank, First National of Fort Lauderdale, to provide what may be a national first—a low-slung drive-in window for the low-slung depositor. All First National did was to erect a 12-inch wooden

SOPHOMORE JIM BROWN IS BREAKING ALL PRO RUSHING RECORDS
—News Item

"Jimmy's a compulsive child; we don't inhibit him."

ramp below a regulation window. "Now the driver and the teller are face to face," said First National VP William B. Lennan, affably rubbing his palms. "Up to now all the sports car customer ever saw of the teller was her hands."

While we're on thesis, antithesis and synthesis, we'd like to pass on these crises:

1) The Automatic Car Wash Association is in a swivet because the tread on the 1959 Pontiac has been increased by five inches. "It will cost our industry about $1.5 million to adapt our equipment to the wider tread," moaned Car Wash's president, Jack Milen, wringing his hands. Milen also complained that deeply sculptured rear ends and deep-dimpled grilles have receded out of range of revolving car-wash brushes.

2) Service station operators are despairing because their hydraulic grease racks are becoming obsolete; they aren't big enough to accommodate Detroit's long, wide ones.

Black, White or Just Gray

WE LIVE TODAY in an age of often confused standards and morals, an age in which the smoke from a widely watched stovepipe recently came out gray instead of black or white. Nor could anyone clearly distinguish the shade of the smoke that is reported to have risen on the University of Michigan campus, where several suddenly frightened students were busily burning parlay cards. Were these young men the equivalents of urban gangsters running some evil policy racket? Or were they innocently engaged in a pastime shared by millions all over the U.S.? No matter how you look at it, and through no fault of the students themselves, the answer comes out gray.

In Great Britain, a highly moral nation, the weekly football pool is an accepted and legally protected national game. In the U.S., where attitudes toward organized gambling of any sort are far more confused, football betting is scarcely less accepted though not always strictly legal.

This was the situation at the University of Michigan where two top athletes, Fullback Tony Rio and his roommate, Basketball Captain Jack Lewis, were accused of being "pushers" for a football pool along with several other students. The accusations came out as the result of an "exposé" by an eager young journalism student named Barton Huthwaite, who joined the group to spy on them. Huthwaite's story hit the Detroit papers in the same editions that carried the news that 18 Michiganders had won a piece of the Irish Sweepstakes.

There was no suggestion that either of the athletes had made any vast profit out of the football cards. There was no suggestion that the activity either had or could have affected their play on the field. The only notable reaction on the Ann Arbor campus itself was a bitter rejection of young

Huthwaite, who was promptly burned in effigy as a "stool pigeon."

As journalists we can't ourselves feel particularly proud of Mr. Huthwaite's methods. As devoted enthusiasts of clean college football, however, we can't help but deplore any kind of tie-up, no matter how innocent, between campus athletes and organized gambling. We believe Michigan Athletic Director Fritz Crisler was absolutely right to suspend both Rio and Lewis from play until their cases are tried. "It is necessary," said Fritz, "for athletes to maintain even higher standards of conduct than are expected of students generally." But we can't help wondering, nevertheless, if the real fault does not lie far beyond the Michigan campus itself in a national set of morals and standards that sees the smoke of wrongdoing as black on one side and white on the other, just as it chooses.

'Mens' and Corpus

THE LATIN PHRASE *mens sana in corpore sano* was familiar to U.S. educators long before the Russian word sputnik. Yet in today's suddenly speeded-up effort to develop minds capable of coping with sputnik and all it stands for, a concomitant effort to build healthy bodies seems to have lagged far behind.

To find out precisely where U.S. higher education stands in the field of physical fitness, the National Collegiate Athletic Association has polled some 450 member colleges, has received precise answers from 395. The returned questionnaires revealed on the one hand an overwhelming gain in enthusiasm for intercollegiate and intramural sports on the part of students in the smaller colleges, on the other a distressing lack of facilities and equipment to gratify that enthusiasm and an equally distressing official indifference to physical education as a scholastic requirement. Fifty-six of the reporting colleges have no physical education requirement at all; of those that do, only 5% require physical training for the full four-year course. In general, the larger the institution the larger the indifference.

College enrollment during the next decade is expected to increase by at least 100% and nobody can quarrel with the basic aim this represents. But as the Latin phrase cited earlier

continued

They Said It

PRESIDENT JOHN A. HANNAH *of Michigan State, discovering a silver lining in a year in which his team has now lost three in a row: "Every student during undergraduate years should experience a losing football season."*

VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON, *on why he prefers to sit high in the stands at football games: "I guess part of the reason is that I sat on the bench so many years."*

HEAVYWEIGHT BERT WHITEHURST, *after Sonny Liston beat him: "Liston could be a great fighter, but he has such a powerful left that he drives you so far back with it he can't hit you with a right."*

implies, much of the advantage to the nation and to its students will be lost if *mens* and *corpus* are not each developed with equal concern.

Record of the Week

JAMES J. JOHNSTON Jr., a 42-year-old welder and golfer who lives in North Fort Worth, Texas and has never shot below the high 80s, decided, although he doesn't now recall why, to break the world marathon golf record. For basic training, he bounced on a trampolin in his backyard every night for three and a half months. Four nights a week for three

and a half months—still purely as a training measure—he trotted through 54 holes on the Rockwood municipal course in less than two and a half hours. Once in a while he jogged 12 miles through city streets in the dark.

One day last week he announced that he was ready. With 14 clubs in his bag, accompanied by two golf buggies equipped with spotlights and the first of 30 accomplices, who were to work in shifts, handing him his clubs and finding his balls, he set out to break the record. He lost nine balls and five pounds, drank four gallons of milk and orange juice, and in 23 hours and 58 minutes he played 328 holes at an average of 90 strokes a round on Rockwood's par-70 course and broke the old record (324 holes) by a full 4.

"Now I'm through with that silly business," said Johnston after thanking the remains of his task force, and went home to bed for a few hours of sleep. He got up the next morning, went to work and was back at Rockwood in the afternoon.

"I was a little sore," he said, "but I got in 18 holes and I parred the last five. I haven't done that well in a long time. Maybe I have worked some of the kinks out of my swing."

Coaches Speak Up

THE CRITICIZING of football is a good and healthy thing, even though it goes on so steadily in this country that it has come to form a kind of background noise against which each season's games are played. Recently, though, two critical voices were raised very much in the foreground. They belong to two of the country's top football coaches—Woody Hayes of Ohio State and Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech.

That big-time coaches should speak out against any aspect of football is itself man-bites-dog news of the rarest kind. But even more curious was the response of the coaching profession. For the most part, the coaches' first reaction was not that Dodd and Hayes had raised important questions which needed examination. It was, rather, that they were wrong in their assertions and would have done better to keep their mouths shut.

Hayes's complaint was against dirty football, both in and out of the Big Ten. The officials, he said, are over-officiating the offensive team and letting the defense get away with piling on, with driving the ball carrier backward so that he falls on the back of his head and with using the forearm as a flail. Hayes also criticized "the tackle five yards in the end zone and the tackle two yards out of bounds. . . . Too many good football players are being punished by tackles that never should have been made."

But all that Hayes's outspokenness gained him was apathy from other coaches and a reprimand from Big Ten Commissioner Kenneth L. Wilson. Hayes, said Wilson, has done "a disservice to football," and he "knows full well that there are better channels than public discussion for disposing" of any such complaints.

Hayes offered proof of his assertions in the form of football films to anyone who wanted to see them. So far nobody has wanted to.

Bobby Dodd's criticism was of recruiting violations. "The head coach is the man responsible for violations and no one else," he said. "Usually the coaches know what's going on. Maybe once in a while an alumnus will just go out on his own and buy a football player. But usually it's done with the sanction of the coach."

Dodd named two coaches who "knew what the alumni were doing" when illegal recruiting drew penalties from the National Collegiate Athletic Association: Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma and Ralph Jordan of Auburn. But, said Dodd, "the Ethics Committee of the Football Coaches Association can't and won't publicly spank its members who have been caught breaking the rules." He suggested that schools placed on probation by the NCAA have no right to awards and honors, and urged that football writers refuse to vote honors to the coaches and players of such schools.

Dodd's words were widely circulated but drew no stronger reaction than a lofty silence from Bud Wilkinson and an angry retort ("Dodd has lost his sense of perspective . . .") from Ralph Jordan.

Meanwhile, yet another football controversy centered on Halfback Ron Podwika of North Carolina State, who played October 25 against Duke University but won't play football at all for the rest of the year. He is in a Durham hospital with a collapsed lung. He acquired it, according to North Carolina Coach Earle Edwards, when a Duke player dropped to his knees on Podwika's chest as Podwika lay on his back after being tackled. This is a rather extreme form

Bird Dog

I had my hound equipped with
wings—
'Twas probably illegal—
So now he hunts all sorts of
things,
Since he's an eagle beagle.
—HARVEY L. CARTER

of what Woody Hayes calls piling on.

Bitterly criticizing the game's officials, who called no penalty on the play in which Podwika was injured, Edwards said, with harsh irony, "If they don't stop some of it, someone is going to be badly hurt." And he added soberly, "If we all don't try to stop it, I don't want to coach."

At Duke, Football Coach Bill Murray denied that Podwika was the victim of deliberate roughness, and he ran off a movie which showed, he said, that there was "considerable doubt" as to how Podwika was injured.

"The public press," said Coach Murray, "is not any place for these criticisms to be made because they are always misunderstood and always cast reflections on the players, coaches and officials not intended by the people who made them."

And there it was again—the idea that criticism of football is best kept in the official family, that it is none of the public's business.

We say that as long as college football wants the public's support, the subjects raised by Bobby Dodd and Woody Hayes *are* the public's business. The American Football Coaches Association meets next January. We nominate for their agenda serious examination of both charges. And the public will want to know what conclusions the coaches arrive at.

"Last week when they won it was to celebrate, now when they're losing, it's to drown your sorrow."

The Hired Hand

NO AMATEUR ATHLETE these days can long evade the questing eye of the professional scout. It was just a matter of time, therefore, before the pros got around to Bill, an eager, playful but hard-working member of an Amish farm family in east-central Indiana.

Bill's job on the Ernest Schwartz farm was to pull the family buggy. The Schwartzes, like many of their persuasion, have no use for such devilish contraptions as motorcars. It was a pretty dull routine for a young standardbred whose grandsire had once been famous throughout the harness world as the pacer who first covered a mile in 1:55.

Billy Direct was Bill's grandsire's name, and in the official studbooks he himself was listed under the fancy handle Bourbon Direct, but the name never showed on any official racing programs.

Like many a chin-whiskered neighbor in his part of the country, however, Amishman Ernest Schwartz often lightened the drudgery of his daily chores by letting his farm horse stretch his legs along the gravel lanes that divide farm from farm. Between the shafts of the Schwartz buggy Bill soon proved himself a champ. In

some five years of impromptu buggy racing he was beaten only once, and that so long ago that even Ernest Schwartz has forgotten the winner's name. It was inevitable that horse fanciers from further afield would take note of this legendary local hero.

And so, just as inevitably, it came about last year that old Bill, the hired hand at the Schwartz place, made his professional debut as the pacer Bourbon Direct at the venerable age of 7 years. Under the hands of a knowing trainer-driver named Jerry Landess, who got Bill in shape for the big time in exchange for 85% of his winnings, the sleek pacer took eight first places in his first season and set a new track record of 2:07⅕ for the mile at Lebanon.

Last week, a real pro and an authentic celebrity, he was back home near Berne, Ind. for another winter of buggy pulling. From miles around, neighbors dropped their chores to bring their best nags for a go at the hero home from the wars. One by one they raced him in match races along the 40-rod gravel road by Ernest Schwartz's farm. But by now old Bill, or rather Bourbon Direct, was a real champ. "None of these people," said Farmer Schwartz, beaming right proudly at his prodigal, "even came close."

DREAM BACKFIELD of World War II military leader group President Eisenhower, Generals Lucius Clay, Omar Bradley, Douglas MacArthur in rare relaxed mood part of the eve of the 1958 political election in nonpolitical football session.

'TO MAKE US A STRONGER NATION'

IN THE MIDST of the 1958 election campaign just ended the President of the United States took an *evening off for an appearance and an* address that were purely nonpolitical. The scene was New York City and the occasion was a business-suit dinner that brought together 2,000 Americans with a great deal—all of it nonpolitical—in common. A roving spotlight picked them out as they stood up at their tables, men with such names as Cliff Battles, Jay Berwanger, Bill Dudley, Otto Graham, Howard Harpster, Elmer Layden, Ernie Nevers, Bob Neyland, George Pfann, Erny Pinkert, George Sauer, *Ben Ticknor and Alex Wojciechowicz.* On the dais and elsewhere in the crowd were the men in the picture above, and such others as Earl Blaik, Harry Kipke, Lou Little, Tom Hamilton, Edgar Garbisch, Marshall Goldberg, Pug Lund, Dutch Schwab, Harry Stuhldreher, Harry Killinger Young and in spirit Tad Jones and a host of others. The talk, as you have guessed by now, was of football, and the President of the United States vigorously enjoyed himself.

The chief purpose of the dinner apart from the presentation of a gold *medal to the President in recognition* of his lifetime devotion to the game —was to honor the latest men elected to the Football Hall of Fame, and the theme was struck by the chairman of the National Football Foundation, Chester J. LaRoche, who called football "a spiritual resource that breeds will and drive—a phenomenon unique to our country."

President Eisenhower, a West Point football player of '15, had some thoughts himself, which he delivered after a bow to another old *West Point athlete sitting a few* feet away—"my old chief, General MacArthur." Present, too, were most of the award men of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 1957 Silver Anniversary All-America and many of the judges who elected them (SI, Dec. 23). President Eisenhower congratulated these men in his first words and seemed to have their career achievements in mind as he proceeded:

"In football, in business, in politics, in the trades, professions and the arts, the normal urge to excel provides one of the most hopeful assurances *that our kind of society will* continue to advance and prosper.

"Morale—the will to win, the fighting heart—are the honored hallmarks of the football coach and player, as they are of the enterprising executive, the successful troop leader, the established artist and the dedicated teacher and scientist.

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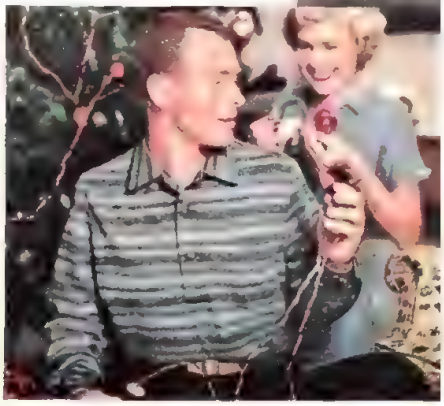

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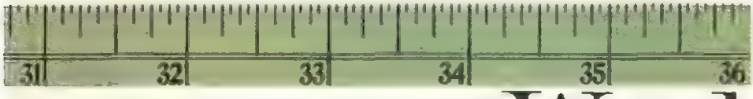

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RED CHARGE

Two Russian horses get a major international test next week at Laurel

by WHITNEY TOWER

ZARYAD AND GARNIR WORK ON LAUREL TRACK AFTER LONG FLIGHT FROM MOSCOW

FOR THE FIRST time in history the Russians have sent a Thoroughbred entry to contest a horse race in the United States. On the face of it, the challenge of the Soviet Union's two leading 3-year-old colts, Garnir (which means garnish) and Zaryad (charge), in next week's Washington, D.C. International at Laurel sounds as foolhardy as the suggestion that somewhere behind that mysterious curtain there lurks a golfer capable of giving what for to a capitalist dentist named Middlecoff or a former West Virginia hillbilly named Snead.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the Russians simply don't make the mistake of engaging in international competition unless they feel their chances of success are reasonably good. At least that's the way it has been in such fields as track, crew, wrestling and hockey. And when a Soviet girl actually gained the junior finals at Wimbledon this year it was a sure sign that in the years ahead the Russian tennis program will get a priority equal to that of weight lifting and considerably ahead of shoplifting.

Russian racing, as the story and pictures on the next four pages clearly illustrate, is no haphazard operation. The sport boasts a proud history, going back to the 18th century when the Russians patterned a broad racing and breeding program after what they had seen and learned from the English. Records of that age show that in one 60-year period, 1790 to 1850, the Russians imported no fewer than 17 winners of English classic races. Breeding Authority Charles Hatton tells us that Garnir traces to Gainsborough, sire of Hyperion and is out of a mare traceable to Hurry On through the Epsom Derby winner, Captain Cuttle. Zaryad is by Ribold, a son of Oleander. This male line produced Wilwyn, who won the first International at Laurel in 1952.

Even though they have been surprisingly successful in previous runnings of this race, foreign horses and their riders are at a distinct disadvantage in the International. Visiting Thoroughbreds do not get a race over this tight-turned turf strip before the big day. This makes it tough on both horse and rider when they finally come face to face with strange competition and American race-riding tactics. For the Russians, no matter how capable Garnir and Zaryad may be, the task of winning at Laurel is immense. So little is known about Russian form that comparisons are impossible, but in the case of Garnir and Zaryad, it is known that they finished one-two in the mile-and-a-half Moscow Derby this July and that Garnir's winning time over a dirt track was 2:31 1/2—or only a second and a fraction slower than Cavan's recent winning Belmont Stakes.

The Russian press has decided not to publicize this latest excursion of Soviet sport, at least until the race is over. My guess is that when it is over, those concerned with the sport over there will realize the obvious shortcomings of a program which has not until now allowed itself a genuine test of international competition. One authority on racing in the Soviet Union, Michail Petrovitch Noskov, summed it up perfectly frankly two years ago when, writing in *The Bloodstock Breeders' Review*, he said, "The success of our horses at the International Meetings of Central and Eastern European countries proves that the Soviet Union possesses large resources of good breeding stock. This does not mean, however, that our horses are good enough to match better English or Western European Thoroughbreds. . . . One must not forget that the standard of Central and Eastern European breeding was never very high and has suffered considerably through war losses. . . . Obviously our Thoroughbreds would have little chance of winning if matched against Western European horses, but we should not be afraid of losing."

Although Garnir and Zaryad will be attracting the most interest at Laurel, the heavy favorite and likely winner will be Ireland's representative, Ballymoss, already such a champion in Europe that he is being compared to Italy's recent running wonder, Ribot. From Australia comes the worthy Sailor's Guide, from Germany there is Orsini, while the chief American contender will be Clem. The regrettable aspect of American participation in this race is that our best turf runner, Round Table, was not pointed for it. His owners think they have the best horse in the country on any surface. If they wanted to prove it they could have taken dead aim on a meeting with Ballymoss at Laurel, instead of picking up loose change in other stakes all fall. Because next week the horse to top Ballymoss in the seventh International will deserve the title, temporarily at least, of Horse of the World.

FOR AN ACCOUNT OF AN AFTERNOON OF RUSSIAN RACING, TURN THE PAGE

RACING FOR THE RUBLES

An Irish peer takes a flyer at Moscow's Hippodrome and finds some interesting variations on the sport of kings

by JOHN GODLEY, LORD KILBRACKEN

WHEN I was in Moscow recently on a journalistic assignment, I took a day off from sputniks and Khrushchev to go to the trotting races at the Hippodrome. These races are different in Russia from the ones we know—curiously enough, they are not all sulky races, the horses being sometimes ridden just like our flat races. This lends them a little extra excitement. With me I took Valia, the young and pretty girl interpreter who had been placed at my disposal by Intourist. I could have gone alone if I wished, but I felt her services would be indispensable, even though she'd never been to the races before and didn't know a furlong from a fetlock.

The Hippodrome is little more than a mile from Red Square, at the far end of Gorky Street. The first race was at one o'clock, but I couldn't leave till 1:30, and our taxi then made slow progress through the holidaying crowds in the streets. It was the day after the anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution, and the whole city was still celebrating. Four races had been decided by the time we reached the course, but there were 12 on the program, one every 15 or 20 minutes—so I had lots of time to lose my money.

It was a brilliantly clear day. The long grandstand with its peeling yellow paint and crumbling ornamented decorations seemed to belong to the 19th century, as though it hadn't been painted or changed in any way since before the revolution. And very likely it hadn't been. There weren't many spectators, and almost all were men, most of them, it seemed, in black hats and black overcoats. In front of this peeling grandstand was the oval dirt track and, beyond it, a looming backdrop, rose the gray skyscrapers of Moscow.

Admission to the most expensive enclosure was only eight rubles—the equivalent of 80¢ at the official rate of exchange. Cheaper stands, I had noticed, cost four rubles and two rubles. Valia and I, however, got into the best enclosure for nothing, by presenting two of the significant coupons provided by Intourist before I left London.

The race cards informed me that I was attending the Bolshie Races, in honor of the "Fortieth Anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution." I turned without delay to look at the list of horses for the next race. It's difficult enough, God knows, to pick a winner at the best of times,

GENTEEL CROWDS before Hippodrome's facing grandstand are kept [illegible] on their good behavior. "Several people" [illegible] Photographer Cowan, "got upset because I took [illegible] considered unculture[illegible] and was restrained promptly by [illegible]"

Photographs by Jerry Cooke

and I now found myself faced with choosing from the following:

1. **Игла**
2. **Бравый**
3. **Ветряк**
4. **Нагиб**
5. **Избалованный**
6. ***Лирик***

Seeking some kind of guidance, I asked Valia the meaning of the three lines of print at the top of the page. She had to ask for help to get an exact, knowledgeable translation, and she then wrote it down for me as follows: "Fifth run. 2:10 p.m. For foal and mare of eldest age. Distance 1,600 m., 900 points 540 270 90." It wasn't any good my complaining that the foal-and-mare-of-eldest-age part didn't mean a thing; she insisted that was what it said. (I found out later that it was a race for colts and fillies over 4 years old.) The distance, 1,600 meters, would be once around the track, 11 yards short of a mile.

I asked about the points.

"That is prize money," Valia said. "Each point is worth 80 kopecks. The winning jockey receives 540 points, so he gets 432 rubles. The

continued

AFFLUENT MUSCOVITES bustling in box seats are avid students of Trud sheets. There is no applause, but horses and jockeys are freely insulted if the occasion demands.

GIRL GROOM walks a horse around the paddock before a race. Women do most of the work around the stables, which, as Cooke noted, "gives the stable areas a pleasant, homey atmosphere. There are even women jockeys, and they even sometimes win."

OLDTIME ELEGANCE [illegible] which the Hippodrome has several. They serve everything from hot meat-filled *pirozhki* to caviar sandwiches.

second and third jockeys get 270 points and 90 points respectively."

I didn't understand why they couldn't just put down the prize money in rubles, but instead I asked, tactlessly: "And how about the owners? How much prize money do they receive?"

Gospodin Kilbracken!" said Valia indignantly. "All horses belong to the state!"

All horses, anyway, were now lined up for the start; I relinquished the struggle for the moment and let the race go by without a bet. **Игла** went out into a long lead, but **Пирн** who seemed to have a great many supporters, was always well placed, and swept to the front at the distance. The phlegmatic Russians didn't show much excitement, but there was scattered cheering as I neared the winning post. His s porters were counting their winni when **Нагиб** came from nowhere and won by a neck in a very thrilling finish. There were the usual complaints all round, such as I have heard on race tracks all over the world when a favorite is narrowly beaten, and I turned my attention immediately to the vital problem of finding the next winner.

We had watched the race from the rails, amongst a group of young men who had all backed **Нагиб**. Valia now asked them for some information on the next race, which was one of the two biggest of the day, worth 1,500 points to the winning jockey. They were all very helpful when they

RANK-AND-FILE HORSEPLAYERS at the two-ruble section, the cheapest admission price, avidly discuss their choices. Parimutuel betting ranges from 10 rubles on up

DOWN THE HOMESTRETCH trotters flash past fans along the rail. "The loudspeaker

heard I came from Ireland, with the intense curiosity about the West which I had generally found in Russia. Like true racegoers, however, they realized that the only thing which mattered right then was the next winner. My personal inclination was for Ловкач, which means Clever Boy—or that's how Valia translated it, anyway. Clever Boy's rider, Master Jockey Tarasov, had a son riding in the same race, and with only seven runners I thought the Tarasovs would share the spoils. My friends on the rails, however, scouted the idea, especially a short little man in a white cap, who refused to tell me his name but who seemed extremely confident. He said it would be a pushover for Контакт, which is pronounced "contact" and means contact. The others agreed so confidently that I asked Valia to back Contact for me: 10 rubles on the nose.

Valia, I could tell, disapproved of betting on principle, though I could see the idea fascinated her all the same. She joined the line at the parimutuel window rather as though she were lining up for opium. Ten rubles ($1) is the minimum stake, and I saw no signs of anything approaching heavy betting; 100 rubles would be considered a very big wager. The tote, Valia told me, keeps only two percent; needless to say, there are no bookies. I really wasn't surprised when Tarasov and son took the lead together with half a mile to go, from which point they had the verdict in safekeeping. The race went to father on Clever Boy by a comfortable two lengths from his son. The Tarasovs thus scooped 1,800 rubles ($180 between them. Contact was soon out of contact and without much difficulty finished last.

The man in the white cap was disappointed but not despondent, and informed me that the next result, at least, was completely a foregone conclusion. There were only four runners, and the winner would be Приятель, which is pronounced "priyatel" and means Good Friend. Despite my experience with Contact, I felt I needed a good friend, and there was a regular gleam in Valia's eye when I gave her all of 20 rubles to stake. The issue was never in doubt; Priyatel won by 20 lengths or more.

A CHAMPION COMING UP

I had backed my first Russian winner, which called for a celebration, and we all went to the bar, where Valia had a mineral water and the rest of us had vodkas, and there was a good deal of backslapping and toast drinking. When the dividend was announced, I learned that I had won a grand total of six rubles. This would not even pay for the drinks. Valia said it didn't matter, however, because in the next race, according to Mr. Whitecap, there was an even greater certainty: a gray mare named Вышка, which is pronounced "vyeshka" and means watchtower. "She is champion of Moscow Hippodrome," Valia informed me.

This time she suggested that I put on the money, perhaps because she was afraid that she might herself be tempted to bet. I did so, by holding up the appropriate number of fingers and tendering 20 rubles. Watchtower was left at least 30 lengths at the start, and was still 10 lengths behind every other runner when they passed the stands the first time around. (The race was over 2,400 meters, a circuit and a half.) However, all my friends were still perfectly certain she would win. And so, in fact, she did: Watchtower seemed suddenly to start moving twice as fast as any other horse in the race, went straight through her field, and was soon five or 10 lengths clear. From this point there was no holding her; she went farther and farther ahead, and won by 30 or 40 lengths.

Having learned my lesson over Priyatel, I didn't suggest drinks this time. It was just as well. My winnings amounted to precisely four rubles, odds of 1 to 5, which wouldn't have paid for Valia's mineral water.

My big thrill of the day came in the next race when Jockey Second Class Olga Burdova, a buxom wench on whose talents I risked 20 rubles, drove her horse from behind to win me 127 rubles. Valia at this stage suggested we call it a day, perhaps because her desire to gamble was now becoming irresistible. I agreed; it was getting chilly and I'd only lose all my winnings.

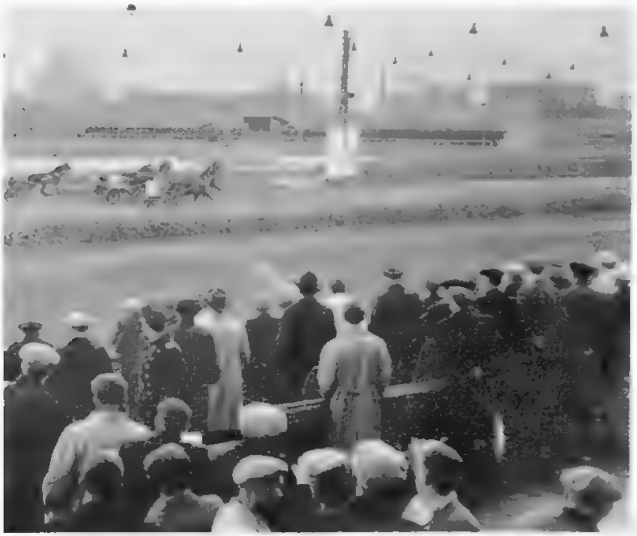
Later I totted up my profit and loss account as we drove back to the gray city.

"I've won 87 rubles," I told Valia finally. This was not quite $9, but it seemed a major triumph.

She gave me one of her sidelong looks.

"Capitalist," she said. **END**

system," Cooke reported, "alternates between mambos and Russian love songs, and an impassioned announcer describes the first half of the race but not the finish."



BETTING LINES form up before windows as the players take final look at their forms.

Beyond the familiar sights that have long attracted tourists to the Hawaiian Islands, visitors today are finding, in the deep waters off the storied beaches, in the craters and in the mountains, new sights, new beauty and a new bounty of sport

New Songs of Old Hawaii

by COLES PHINIZY

Photographs by Toni Frissell

THE VACATIONERS who descend upon Hawaii find that, on these graceful islands, all the dreams spun in the travel ads do indeed come true. At the tourist port of Honolulu *there is a lei for every traveler's neck.* Out at the beach of Waikiki there are surf riders performing matchlessly on every wave and rainbows arching over Diamond Head. And as promised, Hawaii presents vivid sunsets, waving palms and dancing girls.

The basic tourist unit which now comes to Hawaii is not a married couple, but a trinity of man, woman and camera. So many have come, cricked their shutters and gone that it is possible to predict what sort of record each new trinity will gather. The record inevitably will include pictures of surf, waving palms, Diamond Head and dancing girls, and perhaps pictures of Mr. Tourist standing coyly among the girls, and inevitably pictures of Mrs. Tourist standing, stiff as a brandy decanter, in front of Diamond Head. The man, woman and camera who join a guided tour for a whirl of the outlying islands usually add to their record photographs of lava flows and flowers, old churches and sugar mills, and at least one picture of the historic sites where Captain James Cook's men landed long ago and gave the natives ironware, goats and trinkets.

To take in even a fair portion of sites and scenes the traveler must hurry, and in hurrying he gains and also loses. The traveler moving fast, bent on pleasing the eye, may miss entirely the fact that in their varied settings these islands offer a bounty of sport, a variety of things to do as well as see. After a week of being hustled through history and scenery on a guided tour, any man with a yen for action, with a jot of curiosity to him, is likely to rebel, abandon his tourmates and be found consorting with the natives. And the natives of Hawaii in 1958, though perhaps no more interesting than those of Captain Cook's day, are having a whale of a time on their island mountains and in the waters around.

More than 160,000 mainlanders vacation in the islands every year, and of late the annual migrations have included more and more sportsmen who find the islands offer action both ordinary and unusual. Though the fact has only recently been played up, it occurs to any fisherman that there should be fishing of several sorts in the deeps surrounding all the islands. It occurs to any hunter who has trod upon the tails of barred doves on the pavements of Waikiki that there must be game in the hills. There are many sportsmen, from age 20 to age 50, who now decide it is worth more to rent a surfboard and ride triumphantly and incompetently on a small wave than to passively watch the experts. Any man who wanders in a scant span of 15 miles from rain forest into arid plains of cactus and algarroba and sees snow crests standing over tropic water naturally comes to wonder about the excitements of this varied land.

To the visitor who comes for sport, the islands still guarantee a largess of beauty and a fair sampling of history. The islands are scarcely large enough to hide the sights from anyone. The pheasant hunter is hereby guaranteed his share of mist, rain and rainbows and livid gold light from the dying sun. The man going for bonefish or to spearfish on the island of Kauai will pass an old sugar mill on his way. The fishermen who have recently boated very large marlin off the island of Hawaii were all running within sight of the oldest church and the bay where the Polynesians killed Captain Cook.

The sports which have attracted and very likely will continue to attract men and women to Hawaii are those which fit intimately into the original geographic plan of water, rock, beach, rain forest, moor and volcanic crater. None of these sports is unique; most of them are familiar experiences presented by Hawaii in new and very striking settings. Only one popular island sport—wave riding—is original; the rest are imports which have been enjoyed for some years by the islanders. There are

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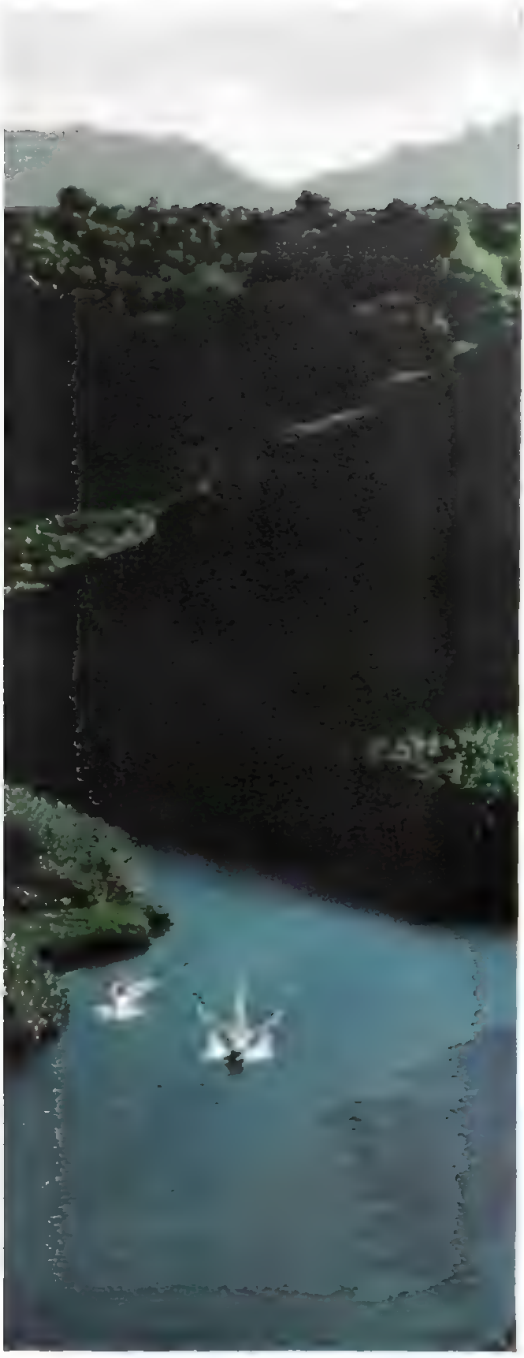
SPELLBOUND on a crag, a Hawaiian mermaid, Sally Rice, is absorbed in the furious spectacle of the surf that assaults the ragged battlements of lava on the east coast of Maui.



A WATER SKIER cuts a path down the wandering Wailua River that tumbles out of the rain-drenched mountain heart of Kauai and winds through steep green hills to the sea.

among the islanders eminent performers in all these sports who, in some cases for reasonable pay and sometimes for the sheer hell of it, are pleased to guide and advise visitors. A few kings of sports are worth introducing here, since the outlander who moves into their domain may want to meet them, or may accidentally meet them, or—the sizes of the islands being what they are—may at least come upon the traces these kings have left upon the land.

The first king that a visitor should notice is Robert (Rabbit) Keki, who is usually accessible on Waikiki Beach, for he is a master of wave riding, the original island sport. One hundred and eighty years ago, at a time civilized Europeans were still possessed by a medieval dread of water, Captain Cook in his journal marveled at the bold, swimming Polynesians. When Cook was fatally stabbed by natives during a sad misunderstanding, a Lieutenant James King took up the captain's quill, writing about the natives without rancor, as coolly as if he were merely substituting while the captain recovered from a night of rum. The natives, Lieutenant King noted, actually made sport of the fearful surf, scurrying to sea on boards, then sliding back on a boiling wave.

WAVE Rider Rabbit Keki warrants attention but not because he is necessarily the best rider—there are indeed a dozen thereabouts who might outslide and outrun him on a given wave. Keki epitomizes several things about Hawaii and the Hawaiian attitude toward sport. He is, first off, composed typically as a Hawaiian, which means he is not pure Polynesian but, rather, a racial mishmash of the sort that distresses ardent racists and makes Hawaii a bright land in this morbid era when great races and nations are bickering like baboons. Rabbit Keki is a 5-foot 6½-inch, muscular 164-pounder, a genetic compound of Polynesian, Scotch, Chinese, Irish and Shoshone Indian. The man on the board next to Keki on a wave may be fractional parts of French, Portuguese, Filipino, Japanese and Spanish, and this may have nothing fundamental in common with Keki except wave riding, which in Hawaii is usually enough. Hawaii and its spirit of compatibility stand as some sort of shining example for the rest of the world. It is this compatibility, above all, that makes the island a good land for active visitors. In Hawaii the visiting sportsman necessarily (and happily) mixes. Today the man on the surfboard next to Rabbit Keki may be another islander or he may be a 100% tourist from Waukegan, Illinois, 50 years old, ashamed of his paunch and so surprised to find himself standing on a wave that he shouts lutelely to his wife ashore for God's sake to look quick.

At Waikiki, Rabbit Keki has taught surfboarding to over 5,000 visitors (among them Mrs. Gary Cooper, Actor Robert Mitchum, Shotputter Parry O'Brien and Swimmer Robin Moore). Several years ago Keki taught two gentle 70-year-old ladies from Minnesota to stand on a board in their first lesson. The picture of them lingers in his mind—two ladies standing stiff and gaunt-legged as blue herons, shrilling with glee as they slide to shore—and it has confounded Keki ever since that hundreds of thousands of tourists never try the sport. Keki and other instructors estimate that not one in 50 visitors tries surfboarding, though certainly one out of every two

could learn enough in one lesson to get a taste of it. Without trying, many visitors conclude that they cannot learn. Too many are inhibited, coming to the islands in the thrall of an unfortunate mainland belief that any sportsman over 30 who does not have a physique like Sandow should confine himself to dog paddling, occasional tennis and a slow death of weekend golf.

Rabbit Keki epitomizes the rather different Hawaiian attitude, a zest for many sports that wanes only gradually with age. Hawaiians perhaps lack the slam-bang fervor of the Australians, but they have a special, seemingly almost mystical gift for doing very vigorous things with remarkable ease. Rabbit Keki is now in his early 30s, an old man by some mainland sporting standards,

continued

A HUNTING PARTY of ranchers, (*from left*) Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rice and the Richard Baldwins, sets out with their field dogs to hunt pheasant in the mist-hung swales and high ranges on the flank of a volcano.

ISLAND FASHIONS, such as the two-piece swimsuit worn by Celeste McClain, reflect Hawaii's talent for putting to beautiful use the clothes and the customs of its varied races.

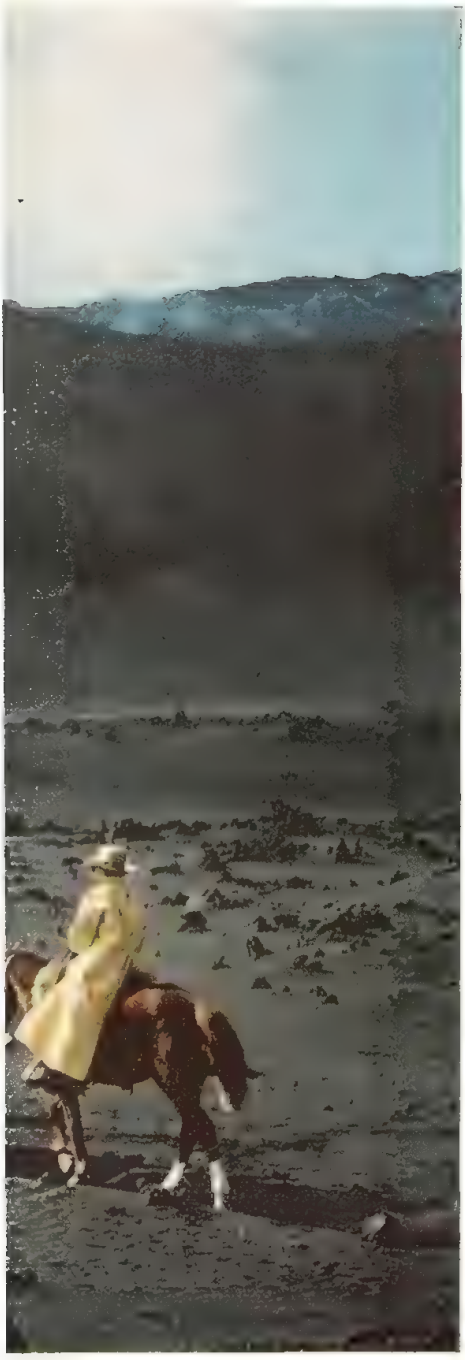
but still ready for almost any sport. In recent years, in the islands and on the mainland he has enjoyed himself thoroughly riding waves, skiing on both snow and water, playing football, tennis, ice hockey, golf, handball and squash. Keki was scheduled to represent the U.S. in wave riding in the international meet in Australia three years ago, but before embarking he broke three ribs when an oddly cracking wave carried five surfboards away from greenhorns and dashed the whole lumber pile into Keki's back. He has several times paddled in an outrigger canoe in the 36-mile marathon race through the wind-torn channel from Molokai Island to Oahu. He won Hawaii's international surfing title three years ago at Makaha, Oahu's leeward beach, where a series of 20-foot waves may suddenly rise and thunder in and as suddenly subside, so that a good rider on the last wave can sometimes catch the rebounding back swell and ride back out to sea. Keki occasionally may be found riding on his chest in the steep, dumping waves at Makapuu, the small windward beach where body surfers must

continued

UNIQUE MUU-MUUS, worn for evening by Heather Philpotts and Sheila Corbett, are the islands' colorful adaptation of the drab clothes early missionaries enforced on the natives.

THE KIMONO of Japan, a country contributing much to island culture, has been modified into the two-piece design of silk jacket and trousers worn above by Mrs. Philpotts.

IN A TRADITIONAL VEIN, the kimono also is worn by Hawaiians casually at home. This one, tailored for Mrs. June Harris, is an imported Japanese print on hand-washable cotton.



know how to angle left or right on the shoulder of the wave to keep from gutting themselves on the rocks.

Good Hawaiian board riders have been clocked at over 30 miles an hour as they are angling—"sliding," as it is commonly known—on the shoulder of a wave. The sport in the ultimate, like skiing, requires footwork and finesse in shifting the body weight—fine points that Waikiki instructors are willing to teach to anyone who wants more than a few lessons. The beginner who tries too many tricks prematurely at Waikiki should bear in mind that outrigger canoes have the right of way on the wave, and that the coral under the water does not move for anybody.

SOME years ago, Jack Ackerman, the king of another Hawaiian sport, diving, might have been found at Waikiki, Makapuu or Makaha, riding with Surfer Keki, but most often now Ackerman is headed under the waves. While Ackerman's domain is of particular interest to divers, he is the one wanderer of all the islands who could tell a sportsman the most about all of them—assuming he could be located. "The man you should talk to," an islander often advises the visitor, "is Jack Ackerman. He was here last week, but I don't know where he went."

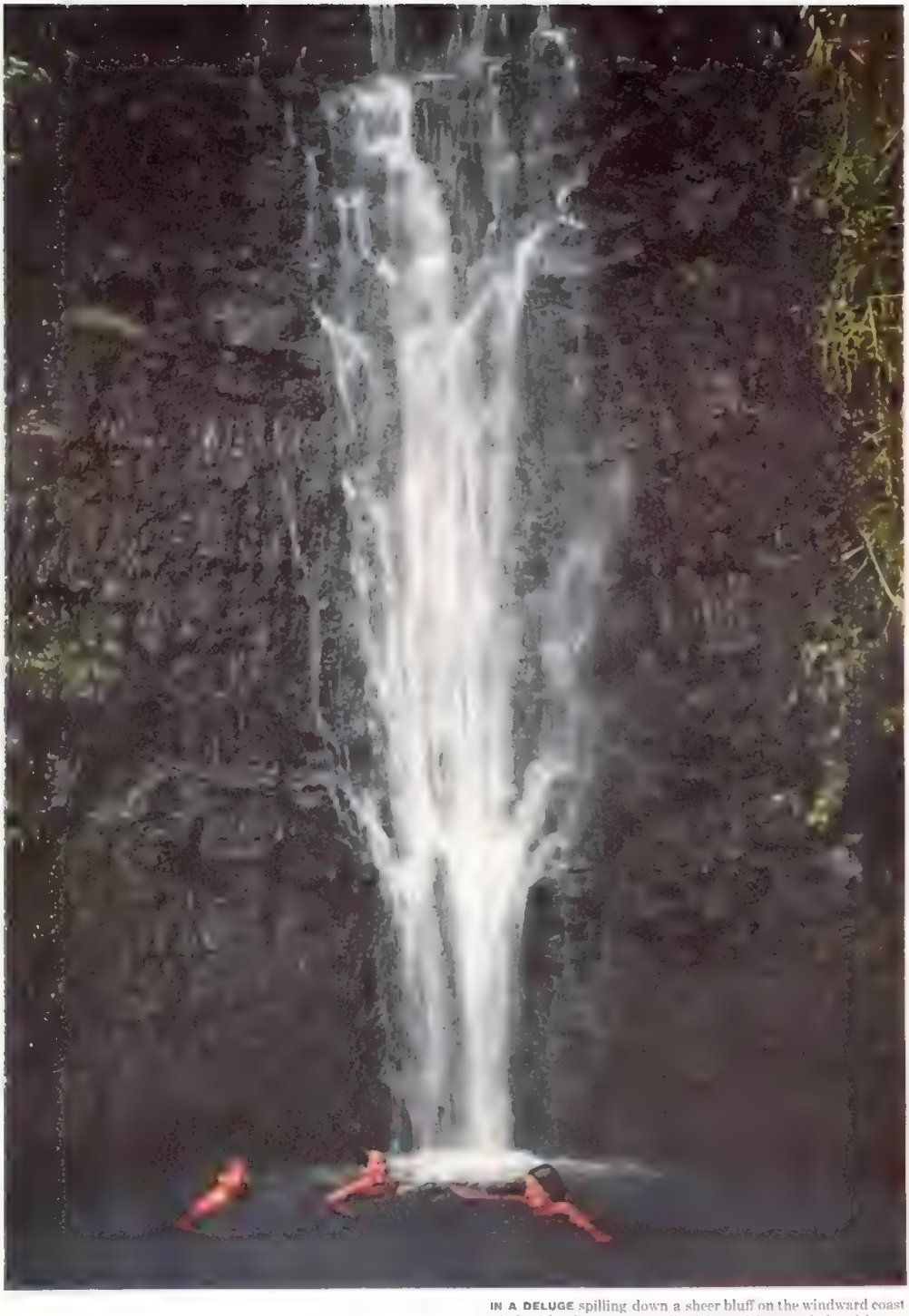
Ackerman was born in Rockford, Illinois, of Polynesian-Scotch-American parents. He learned to swim in the Kishwaukee River, and has been diving in Hawaii for over 20 years, for sport, for science, to satisfy his own curiosity about a number of things, and as consultant, subject and cameraman for Hollywood units that come to the islands to make underwater spectacles and thriller-dillers. He has left some of his skin on the submerged basaltic crags of all the main islands of the Hawaiian chain.

To the sportsman who dives in Hawaii, Ackerman offers this advice: "Know how to swim well and how to use a scuba before you try deep diving in Hawaii. If you want to dive seriously and have never dived before in Hawaii, dive with someone who has, or you may break your neck. Anyone who wants to spearfish and be a sport about it, I will guide him, provided he is not trigger-happy. Let's say I butchered fish in my day—it's a stage I guess we all go through—but I do not favor butchery."

The diver accustomed to North American waters will find some differences in Hawaii that warrant Ackerman's advice. The islands are a product of a three-mile-deep submarine vent. The chain was built by volcanic action and is still abuilding. The submarine floor drops off very sharply, and in that respect, underwater Hawaii is somewhat like the U.S. West Coast and far different from the waters most Easterners have visited. The water is too warm for the vertical world of kelp that accommodates marine life on the West Coast. The depths

continued

ON A CINDERY FLOOR studded with strange, weathered remnants of volcanic rock, Trail Rider Frank Freitas leads a party of visitors through the great, quiescent crater of Haleakala.



IN A DELUGE spilling down a sheer bluff on the windward coast of the island of Maui, Sally Rice *(right)* gambols with two visitors from British Columbia, John and Elizabeth Armour.

are generally too great to support a munificence of coral like the Caribbean shoals; the land is still being changed too much by erosion and flowing lava to encourage a fringing reef. There are only three pinpricks of land within 1,000 miles of the Hawaiian chain, and so the islands have a constant surge around them, a surge that is often mild but at times strong when the violence of remote storms awakens again in the shoaling waters. The wind blows predominantly out of the northeast, so on about half the coast of each island the surge is joined by local forces.

On several of the islands there are divers who enjoy going under at night, when flashlights offer a different, eerie world where eels swim in the open, lobsters stir sociably in the sand and the eyes of checkerboard shrimp wink red in the edge of light. Ackerman advises the visitor that by day or night, as elsewhere, sharks and barracuda will eat fish from the fisherman's spear; the eels, as elsewhere, will bite the hand that reaches too eagerly into a nook for a lobster. The family of Carangidae—the jacks, as they are known most places—come big in Hawaii and are the favorite game of the deep diver, who is inclined to call most larger members of the family by the single native name *ulua*. There are, strangely, no groupers (though biologists are trying now to introduce them). Divers from the mainland will see some familiar species paraded under new names. A species of bright-striped sergeant major is there, masquerading under the name of *mamo*, and looking deceptively like a local striped habitué of coral called *manini*. The local relative of the squirrelfish is called *ʻuʻu*; the bonefish is called *oʻio*; the parrotfish, *uhu*. The most bizarre of the Hawaiian triggerfish has clownish colors somewhat like the queen triggerfish, and a clownish way at times of fleeing backwards into its hole. The learned fishwatcher who revels in grunting new names for a lot of old friends should by all means add the Hawaiian trigger to his list. It is called *humuhumunukunukuapuaʻa*.

Three years ago, a brief and sensational entry into Jack Ackerman's underwater world was made by 48-year-old Henry Chee, the master of another growing Hawaiian sport, marlin fishing. Chee, the son of a Chinese banana planter, has been bringing sportsmen and marlin together for the past 22 years as mate and skipper of a charter boat on the Kona coast of the big island, Hawaii. Henry Chee does not care at all for swimming or diving, and three years ago just a moment before he suddenly entered Jack Ackerman's world, Chee had been busy minding his own business. Aboard his boat *Malia*, Mr. Leon Kingsley, a former chairman of Pasadena's Tournament of Roses, had been battling a 382-pound marlin for 45 minutes. The marlin was still a shade green, but done enough, Skipper Chee thought, to attempt boating. Chee reached for the leader. The marlin bolted and broke it. In an attempt to gaff the fish before it sounded, Chee shouted for Mate Herman Kunewa to put the *Malia* astern quick. Reaching for the gaff, Chee lost his balance. As he fell over the stern, he thought only of the terrible spinning propeller and tried to go as deep as possible. He cleared the propeller, came up at mid-hull, scraped along the keel and emerged beyond the bow, unseen by Fisherman Kingsley and Mate Kunewa, who were saying last rites for him on the stern. The marlin had been swept under the boat with Chee and was rolling in the water beside him. Chee seized the marlin's bill. Holding on and shouting, he saw a shark rising beneath him. Chee's dedication to his sport had by then reached its limit. He scrambled for the boat as the marlin, apparently tired and not caring for the shark either, repeatedly sounded and surfaced. Safely aboard again, Chee ordered the boat astern and gaffed the marlin. When they finally got ashore, in the log he keeps of all his catches Skipper Chee routinely reported that, in a north-running current, four miles off Keahole Point, using artificial squid,

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

Mr. L. Kingsley took a 382-pound marlin in 45 minutes.

There are a number of fishing areas that in one respect or another qualify as *the* place for billfish. Kona is *the* place for marlin for several reasons beyond the big size of the fish. The Kona coast drops off sharply so that, as off Havana, marlin over 300 pounds can be taken within a quarter mile of shore. The fisherman gets 7½ hours of fishing in an eight-hour charter. Only the man addicted to action and more action is apt to be disappointed off Kona, for strikes are not frequent in an average day. However, a strike most often means a very big fish, and the essential virtue of the place is the consistency of big marlin throughout the year (there is some slackening in early winter and again briefly in the spring). All fishermen appreciate the easy weather, guaranteed on the Kona coast about 90 days out of every 100.

The Kona coast is on the lee side of the big island of Hawaii. The volcano, Mauna Loa, forms a backdrop for the southern half of the Kona marlin area. In the depths the surge on an average day barely asserts itself. The water is generally dappled by a slight chop from a mild onshore wind prompted by eddying and convection currents rising up the lava-striped flank of Mauna Loa.

As he hunts for marlin in the Kona waters off Keahole Point, Skipper Henry Chee can see, above him and far away—25 miles away—sunlight shining on a different kingdom of hunters. Beyond Keahole Point and the modest summit of Mt. Hualalai rises the tallest island mountain, Mauna Kea. On the lee slope of Mauna Kea, where the grasslands burnished by the sun are inter-

continued

spersed with brush and clumps of mamani trees, public hunting grounds stretch from 6,000 feet elevation up over the volcanic rubble that caps Mauna Kea at 13,800 feet. In proper season, somewhere in the grass or rubble, the visitor may come upon Harold (Sonny) Henderson, a genial 46-year-old Scots-English-Polynesian whose eminence as a hunter is well established but is – as is the case with many active Hawaiians – rather obscured by peculiar distinctions in several sports. Around his home town of Hilo, Henderson is known also as a good scratch golfer who, just like that, dropped the game cold in favor of hunting. Henderson seldom fishes, but he is probably the only sportsman who has caught fish in his own bathtub, a distinction that was thrust upon him in 1946 when a 40-foot tidal wave filled his home with water and fish.

Hunting in Henderson's realm on Mauna Kea is a genuine pleasure, albeit an artificial one. Biologists reckon that when the first Polynesians came ashore there was only one mammal on the islands, a small brown bat blown in from somewhere. The islands had one unique, nonmigratory species each of stilt, of rail, of gallinule, coot, duck and goose. The stilt is gone, and the other aboriginal waterfowl are uncomfortably close to extinction. The domestic life and wildlife now flourishing on the islands were imported, for better or for worse. The islands offer the hunter a choice of feral sheep, goat and pig, axis deer, California Valley and Japanese quail, barred and lace-neck doves, ringneck pheasant, chukar partridge and wild pigeon.

There is little public hunting on the island of Oahu, and to what outer island the hunter goes depends on the game he wants. The wild sheep are available only on the rocky summit of Mauna Kea on Hawaii, which also offers the best ranges for pig, pheasant and chukar. The island of Molokai is best for Valley quail; Lanai is the island for axis deer and the small, Japanese quail. The public hunting lands of Maui are second to those of Hawaii for pheasant and chukar. The bird season usually extends (with hunting permitted only on weekends) from mid-fall through early winter. The rules for big game vary greatly by the year. All hunters should check with the Hawaii Visitors Bureau in Honolulu before going: these are not large islands, and almost constant changes of the hunting rules from year to year are a necessary part of good game management.

The prime merit of hunting in Hawaii perhaps will forever lie, not in the abundance of game, but in the beauty of the range where the game abounds. The mountain slope stretching upward from the hunter may have the look of a Scottish moor hung with mist, the knobs of land appearing and disappearing behind vapor shrouds, the rainbows coming and fading in the changing light. Across the slope a distant peak may stand stark against the sky, a battlement of lava at the moment besieged by storm, its buttresses blackened under rain clouds. Down the mountain slope, under shreds of white summer clouds, the grasslands may be spangled with sunlight and shadows that move slowly over the land and melt into the distant ocean.

From the lofty hunting range on the volcano Mauna Kea the ramparts of another kingdom are visible far away. Sixty-five miles northwest of Mauna Kea, on the island of Maui, the vast, moonlike crater of Haleakala rises 10,025 feet to catch a blanket of clouds from the trade winds. The crater of Haleakala is currently managed by the U.S. Government and spiritually ruled by a round-faced, button-nosed Portuguese trail rider named Frank Freitas. The technologists now laying plans for the movement of men to the moon would do well to consider Frank Freitas for the landing party. He is, at this point, emotionally conditioned for moon living, having spent most of a lifetime guiding visitors on horseback around the 15 square miles of crater floor. Freitas' world is one of utter quiet, but Freitas himself is often in full voice. Being quite deaf, he always speaks loud enough for himself to hear, loud enough for anyone else within 50 yards. The trail into the crater winds through 53 switchbacks hugging the sheer side of a 1,000-foot cliff. As the horses clatter gingerly over the outcroppings in the narrow trail, Freitas, to put everyone at ease, keeps up a running commentary in a voice loud enough to start a rockslide.

IN the crater of Haleakala, detritus spewed from minor eruptions has piled up in cone-shaped hills – small, new mountains born in the maw of one great mountain. On the cindery plains, like the ruins of grotesque statuary done by some surrealistic madman, odd configurations of basalt cast shadows both beckoning and threatening. As he leads a party past these weathered traces of the hot, volcanic past, Frank Freitas supplies the necessary statistics of this strange land, but he is never a slave of ordinary facts. He flavors the dry details with reminiscences and asides, garnishes the facts with flights of fancy. For several minutes he will describe the good meals he will cook at the overnight cabin. He will follow this with a diatribe against visitors who drop trash in this unspoiled wilderness. He will interrupt the diatribe to point out the odd, sparse vegetation of the soilless plains. There by the trail he shows the visitors the ash-gray stems of the silversword plant, a species never found outside Haleakala. Beyond the sparse growth of silversword, the visitor sees a crude trail – it looks like the spoor of a great reptile – winding over the volcanic scree. "What is that?" the visitor asks.

Freitas is forever a free man, whose imagination cannot be shackled. "GIANT BLACK CRABS!" he roars. "They come out of the hills at night and we HUNT THEM!" While pondering this improbability, the visitor may see white specks standing out on the dark face of a distant hill. Not knowing these are more rare silverswords shining in the sun, he again asks Freitas.

"CHICKENS!" shouts Freitas. "WHITE CHICKENS."

"What can a chicken eat here?" the visitor asks.

"NOTHING," roars Freitas. "The United States ARMY shoots feed in here by ANTIAIRCRAFT GUNS."

In the early mornings, before the sun has moved above the misty rims of the old volcanoes, north of the town of Lahaina on the island of Maui, 32-year-old Frank Kahahane and his grizzled Uncle Libert are pushing a deep-hulled outrigger canoe off the beach. As they head out into the slick water under the power of a small outboard, Kahahane and his Uncle Libert seem to be net-fishermen of an ordinary sort. But they are not.

Frank Kahahane is half Polynesian, half Spanish, a deep-chested, good-looking man who is called upon occasionally by visiting movie units to play the part of a proud warrior or king. For most of his living he depends on netting small, mackerel-like fish called *opelu*. The

luck Kahahane and his uncle Libert have with their nets depends greatly on the cooperation they get from a 5½-foot, 75-pound, one-eyed barracuda named Jacob.

After launching their canoe, Kahahane and Uncle Libert angle upshore until they are off the Waikule Road that runs straight up the mountain flank. By lining up a pine with the end of a pier to the south they know they are a half mile offshore, directly over Jacob's deep-blue acre. Frank Kahahane cuts the motor and taps on the hull—one tap, a pause; three quick taps, a pause, and two more taps. Kahahane repeats the signal, waits. Standing in the bow for a better look, Uncle Libert points toward the stern, where a long shining form slowly materializes in the blue. Jacob has come.

The big barracuda moves alongside the hull, ruffling the surface as he rolls slightly to take a piece of *opelu* that Uncle Libert drops to him. Libert knows that this big fish, which has just accepted an advance payment for his services, is Jacob and no other. At this spot no other barracuda ever comes. The visitor who doubts this can look through a glass-bottom bucket. Jacob's left eye has a milky cast. The fish is blind in that eye and slow to take a bait offered on that side. As Jacob leers up through the bucket, the visitor can see his fine teeth and on the barracuda's back a slash mark, a painful brand that he got by swimming too close to a propeller.

When Jacob comes, Kahahane starts the motor and proceeds at two knots to whatever spot seems likely for schooling *opelu* that day. Jacob follows. When Kahahane cuts the motor again, Uncle Libert spreads a piece of blue denim cloth, about handkerchief size, on the top of the fishhold amidships. There is a cord and a 10-ounce weight attached to one corner of this cloth. From a cask, Uncle Libert takes a handful of yellow mush—cooked pumpkin—drops it in the cloth, then folds the cloth snugly around the mush and the weight. Then, while watching through the bucket, he casts the cloth-wrapped bundle into the water. As the line pays out through his hand, he suddenly checks the bundle's descent. Forty feet below, the cloth falls away from the weight, a bomb burst of pumpkin mush colors the water and small *opelu* can be seen darting into the cloud of pumpkin. From behind the boat, moving with the ease of one who knows his part well, the barracuda Jacob swims through the gathering mass of *opelu*, and as he does, the *opelu* crowd close to him. Uncle Libert retrieves the weight and gives the water another dash of pumpkin, and another. Each time Jacob plays his part, drawing the *opelu* into a clump. Between dashes of pumpkin, Kahahane and Libert lower a cone-shaped net under the gathering fish and slowly raise it. After Uncle Libert's final cast has scattered pumpkin about 10 feet below the surface, they quickly pull the net up. From his spot in the midst of the fawning *opelu*, Jacob, as if on cue, swims quickly up over the net rim, leaving the *opelu* trapped. Uncle Libert cuts up several *opelu* and pays Jacob off.

When the sun is high and the *opelu* fishing slackens, Kahahane steers for home, running six or eight knots, leaving Jacob to shift for himself. However far they have taken Jacob, whenever they next set out—that afternoon or the next day—they go back for Jacob to the same spot, where the Waikule Road runs up the mountain. Jacob always goes back to his acre.

The Lahaina coast is a favored retreat of Hawaiians vacationing in their own islands. The Pioneer Inn in the old whaling town of Lahaina abounds in cats and convivial people. Neither the cats nor the convivial people could care less whether a newcomer has just sailed in from New York, from Rarotonga or from the dark side of the moon. Some who come spend all their days in the hotel bar, some fish the excellent grounds, some skin-dive with Frank Kahahane after octopus, some sit in the shade of a big banyan tree, some go to local luaus, where the host may serve pig or may serve dog. There are plans for flossy hotels on the Lahaina coast, but for a precious moment, tourism is still pleasantly and delightfully at ebb. Tourist groups do make a fast pass at the old town, but seldom do they linger long enough to pat a cat, taste a dog or look upon the barracuda named Jacob.

Often in the late afternoon, as fisherman Frank Kahahane and Uncle Libert are finishing their netting off the Maui shore, 190 miles away on the island of Kauai another fisherman is setting out. Forty-six-year-old Shigeo Akaji of Kauai earns a living as a payroll clerk and a sportswriter, and between jobs he fishes for *o'io*, the bonefish, on his island's south coast, in the lee of Mt. Kahili and the weathering remnants of the Hoary Head Range. Along part of this coast a bluff of pale

continued

WAVE RIDER RABBIT KEKI

MARLIN SKIPPER HENRY CHEE

HUNTER SONNY HENDERSON

oolitic rock rises 30 feet out of the water. The surface of the soft bluff is eroded now and studded with protrusions as ragged as shark teeth. The surge of sea has for years been pounding at the base of the bluff, undercutting it. To fish, Akaji perches on an overhang that projects 15 feet over the water, so that each wave sweeping under him thumps against the face of the undercut, shatters into a curtain of spray and with a prolonged hiss rolls seaward again until its froth is overwhelmed by the next assaulting wave.

Farther west along the coast, lava bulwarks stand more firmly against the sea. As Akaji picks his way over the tangled breakdown at the water's edge to a favored fishing spot, he skirts a lava cliffside pocked with small, dark caves. The Polynesians used to bury their cherished dead in such caves; in the silt of one hole on Akaji's route bits of bone are exposed—a vestige perhaps of some king or commoner, or the remains perhaps of a cooked pig. There are dusky, feathered jaegers roosting in nooks along the bluff, so close to Akaji's trail that he might reach out and stroke them. To offset the hunger induced by the outdoors, Akaji scouts the rocks near the waterline, brushes aside the thick strands of brown sea wrack to pluck the edible green seaweed called *limu*. With his knife he pries off the rocks small limpets, called *opihi*, that have the rich sea flavor of rock oysters.

In Hawaii the bonefish is appreciated both as game and as food—it is often enjoyed raw at a luau by natives and visitors. There is in Hawaii some fishing for bonefish in shallows, in the traditional manner of the Caribbean, but along the steeper coasts the method of taking is different. Shigeo Akaji, bottom-fishes, using a long surf pole and surf reel, casting far to get his rigging into fairly deep water on a sand bottom away from rocks. His hook, dressed usually with a strip of octopus, is a distinctive Hawaiian type, with sharp incurving point designed to minimize snagging and to hold with certainty once it is set in a fish. When fishing from a high bluff so his line angles down to a good lie, Akaji often will not retrieve to check his bait for hours but, instead, merely snap on another leadered hook and thus slide a fresh bait down the line. The Kauai coasts have proved to be good grounds. The current world record, 18 pounds 2 ounces, was taken off the island's west coast; the commercial netters occasionally bring 20-pounders to market. On his ledge Akaji sometimes gets nothing and sometimes gets a dozen bonefish. Often he spends the whole night there, lulled to sleep by the sifting, murmuring sea and wakened intermittently by the tinkle of a bell tied to his pole tip to advise him whenever a bonefish visits his bait below.

SHIGEO AKAJI's father came from Japan in a contract labor gang to help out with the sugar cane. Akaji's mother was a mail-order bride, wooed by his father in a letter and consenting by return mail. Genetically, Akaji is Japanese; economically, he is a byproduct of the sugar-cane industry; sociologically, there is little unique about him at all—he is a typical islander, in a short lifetime Americanized, acclimated, assimilated and absorbed.

The visitor who allows himself some slack time to wander about, visiting a volcano here, a seacoast there, is taken by the remarkable capacity these small islands have for absorbing almost anything, whether it be a mile-wide stream of hot lava, a tidal wave, an incursion of mongooses and rats or a touring busload of Stetsoned Texans. The land itself seems to exert a gentle, undiminishing influence on the people, imbuing many crass, latter-day prospectors with the instinct of the old Polynesians to share the pleasures of the land with all comers. The land has this effect perhaps because the islands themselves, like their human culture, are new and alive, sustained still by an inner fire. The oldest of the inhabited islands, Kauai, boiled up out of the sea only about 10 million years ago—just yesterday, as geologists measure things. The frothy seas are continually tearing away at the windward sides of all the islands, the homemade weather wears down the mountains; the dynamic forces of eruption are still building. The necessary industry and agriculture have changed the scene, and here and there the garish architecture, the cheap tinsel and neon and brassy pretensions of tasteless men offend the eye. But the land is still alive, and with the help of appreciative people is preserving its soul and its essential character. **END**

TRAIL RIDER FRANK FREITAS

NET FISHERMAN FRANK KAHAHANE

SURF FISHERMAN SHIGEO AKAJI

SPORTS IN HAWAII: HOW, WHERE, HOW MUCH

TRANSPORTATION. The Hawaiian Islands are seven hours from the mainland by plane, will be only four hours when jets go into service (probably in 1959). Pan American flies from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle; United from San Francisco and Los Angeles; and Northwest from Portland and Seattle. Canadian Pacific flies out of Vancouver. Fares are almost identical on all airlines, ranging from $266 (tourist) to $359 (first class), round trip.

For the traveler who prefers to go by boat (4½ days), Matson and Hawaiian Textron have regular sailings from Los Angeles and San Francisco, and the Orient Line operates out of Vancouver. American President Lines also stop in Hawaii en route to the Far East. All are good, but Matson's famed *S.S. Lurline* is still queen of the Pacific, with superb cuisine and an unobtrusive cruise director who respects the inclinations of passengers who just want to loaf. Both the *Lurline* and its sister ship, the *Matsonia*, conduct "Keiki Corner," a daylong children's program that keeps the kids delighted and occupied. The *Lurline* is dressy (dinner jackets welcomed but not required). The *Matsonia* is less so. Both have the same fare schedule, from $260 for a shared, inside accommodation to $2,295 for a luxurious lanai suite. Hawaiian Textron's *Leilani* is priced at $235 to $720, while the Orient liners *Orsova*, *Oronsay*, *Oreades* and *Himalaya* have rooms priced from $208 to $1,210.

Honolulu is the port of call for all ships and planes from the mainland. To reach the other islands the sportsman and his family have a choice of two airlines—Hawaiian and Aloha. Hawaiian has flown the interisland routes for 29 years without a single accident. Aloha, a postwar concern, has been equally trouble-free. Fares are reasonable ($38.72 round trip for the longest flight—Oahu to the island of Hawaii). The only scheduled surface transportation in the islands is between Oahu and Hawaii—a 65-foot converted "crash boat" ferry that departs Honolulu Tuesday and Saturday (fare $10.73 one way). All of the islands have car rental agencies at standard prices.

HOTELS. You probably will spend your first few days in Hawaii in a Waikiki hotel. There are some 60 hotels and apartments in Waikiki, with single occupancy rates ranging from $5 to $32 (European plan) a day, depending on elegance and proximity to the beach. For the traveler accustomed to the gaudy Miami Beach way of life, the best bet may be Henry J. Kaiser's elaborate, self-sufficient Hawaiian Village (rates: $5 to $20), which has two main buildings, clusters of cottages, good food in several dining rooms and a nightclub (The Tapa Room) that stars Alfred Apaka and welcomes guests in aloha sports shirts.

The sportsman who likes to balance active days in the field with formal elegance in the evenings is likely to choose the Royal Hawaiian, Waikiki's traditional fortress of hospitality (rates: $14 to $32). This pink Moorish castle requires neckties and long pants in its public bars at cocktail time, and at night its Monarch Room is snowy with white dinner jackets. The Monarch, by the way, is the El Morocco of Honolulu—the place where local residents go to entertain visitors or each other.

As tradition-steeped as the Royal, but somewhat less formal, is the Halekulani ($6 to $14). The old Moana and the new Surfrider, Waikikian and Reef ($5 to $12), also all beachfront hotels, have a more casual live-and-let-live attitude. The Hawaii Visitors Bureau (2051 Kalakaua Avenue) will mail on request a directory and map of all the Waikiki hotels, showing their location and accurate rental figures.

On the outlying islands the general quality of hotels and motels is good. On the Kona coast of the big island of Hawaii the sportsfisherman can choose from seven hotels or motels: Kona Palms, Lei Aloha Apartment Hotel, Kona Hukilau, Kona Waves, Kona Inn, Waiaka Lodge or the Lahikai Hotel; rates range from $5 to $18). For the visiting hunter, the town of Hilo is, generally speaking, the better base. He can select the Hilo Hotel, Naniloa Hotel, Lanai Motel, Palm Terrace or Hotel Hukilau ($5 to $17). On Maui, the traveler who wants offshore fishing, skin-diving and dabbling in the surf goes to the leeward side of the island and enjoys the informality of the old Pioneer Inn ($6.50 to $9.50). The hunter or the visitor intent on exploring the crater of Haleakala is better located at the Maui Palms in Kahului or up on the flank of the volcano at the Silversword Inn ($6 up). On the windward side of Maui the Hotel Hana-Maui provides a retreat for rich mainlanders (rates: $22 to $50, American plan) who can no longer stand the gloss and the frenetic tempo that are spoiling so many of the island's vacation spots today.

On Kauai any visitor will be conveniently located to sample the island's pleasures at either Kauai Inn or Hotel Coral Reef near Lihue or at the Coco Palms to the north ($5 to $22). The visitor who wants trail riding in a spectacular setting to equal that of the crater of Haleakala on Maui should go to Kokee Inn at the head of the Waimea Canyon, where rooms range from $2 up.

Where to stay on the islands of Molokai and Lanai is no problem. Each island has only one hotel. On Molokai it is the *Seaside Inn in Kaunakakai* ($3.50 up), on Lanai, the Lanai Inn ($11 up), which is in Lanai City.

HAWAIIAN FASHIONS. The clothes shown on pages 42 and 43 are designed and made in Hawaii. All can be ordered by mail from Honolulu stores. Page 42: two-piece bathing suit, Liberty House; cotton muu-muus, Ilsa Inn, $20 to $35. Page 43: 'pagoda bungee' by Howard Hope of San Fasmons, Carol and Mary, $35; on the mainland, I. Magnin, Los Angeles, Wolf Bros., Kansas City, B. Altman & Co., New York, Allyn Jahaby, Miami; cotton kimono, Masushiya, $6.

FOOD. If there is one fault with food that the curious visitor finds it is that island chefs lack courage and are inclined to play it safe, loading the menu with Continental standbys and presenting island favorites in modified style. The visitor who wants something different should start with a good commercial luau (once a week at Queen's Surf or Don the Beachcomber's on Waikiki, about $8.50). The diner who wants traditional Polynesian food à la carte will find poi, *lomilomi* salmon and *mahimahi* at the Waikiki Sands or at Leilani's on windward Oahu (53-362 Kamehameha Highway). For a more complete and exotic menu, he might try Helena's (1346 North King Street in Honolulu), where he has his pick of raw *o'io*, squid, limpets, and, in the exotic extreme, pig entrails, cooked or raw.

EQUIPMENT. Hunters will find that the islands are not yet fully geared to equip them. Strict quarantine laws make it necessary for the hunter to borrow or rent dogs. Inquiries should be made before departure to the Hawaii Visitors Bureau or the Territorial Division of Fish and Game in Honolulu. On Lanai, in Lanai City, John Maile and Lloyd Cockett are in the guiding business and have dogs. On the big island of Hawaii, the mainlander should contact Slim Holt at the Hilo airport (phone 3185) or Sonny Henderson at 645 Punahoa Street in Hilo (phone 4373) about the availability of guides, dogs and gear. Before leaving Oahu, the hunter can fill his last-minute needs at Honolulu Sporting Goods. While the Kona coast is foremost for offshore fishing, the mainlander who cannot make it to Kona will find a dozen charter boats in Honolulu working the good grounds of Oahu. On the leeward coast of Maui, out of Lahaina, Skipper Gordon Wilkinson works the grounds south to Kahoolawe.

HORSE SHOW / *Alice Higgins*

Stop-and-go champion

At Harrisburg a moody jumper shared the spotlight with international riders

THE Pennsylvania National Horse Show held at Harrisburg last week was the biggest ever, with some 800 horses and ponies on hand, and its biggest sensation was the jumping class in which Max Bonham rode Carl Miller Jr.'s Windsor Castle over a spectacular 6-foot 9-inch fence for a new show record.

In fact, Max and Windsor Castle were the hottest combination at the Farm Show Arena. Not content with resting on one achievement, the pair then went out and won the spread fence class, an event offering obstacles over seven feet in width and over five feet high. Then, well limbered up, they proceeded to win the Professional Horsemen's Association class, the famous Big Jump Sweepstakes worth a tidy $3,167.50 and finally the jumper stake and championship.

In all these classes Bonham faced a secondary challenge, for Windsor Castle is a horse that can go, or he can stop—and when he stops, he stops dirty. When that happens, Max usually keeps going, a human projectile catapulted from an equine sling. The big bay gelding can make a rider look like a hero or a bum. "I still just can't help liking him," said Max after the horse had put him off during the open-jumper class at Harrisburg. "Anyone has to like a horse that can jump like that—but he sure does keep me awake!"

Max was obviously already wide awake when he went out to look the horse over in Canada last fall. "I was showing at Toronto, so I decided to go look at him as long as I was there. It's a look I've never regretted." The horse was rough-coated and somewhat of a rogue, but Bonham decided to take a chance. He bought him thinking he would make a good working jumper if nothing else.

When the horse proved to have such a big leap Bonham put him in jumper classes. Windsor Castle promptly won five out of the six classes he was in at his first show. Since then Max has sold the horse for a very sizable profit and has spent the season alternately collecting championships and dusting himself off.

Sensations of another sort were served up during the saddle-horse classes, a division that was bigger and better than ever before. In the amateur walk-trot stake, for example, which was finally won by Patsy Kelley on her mother's Sweetheart of Devon, there were 22 horses in the ring and none of them bad ones. But the big five-gaited stake and championship was clearly a contest between two horses: Earl Teater on Dodge Stables' Primrose Path and Frank Bradshaw on Jolie Richardson's Garrymore. Both worked well and the judges called the horses out for a second look, then made their decision: elegant Garrymore was champion for the fourth year in a row.

The individual championship in the international jumping, which seems never to run out of surprises, ended in another one. Germany's Hans Guenther Winkler, by a combination of last-minute maneuvers, backed into the title.

Hugh Wiley was leading in points right up to the last individual class, and the only way he could lose the title would be if he got nothing and Germany's Winkler won first. And that is precisely what happened. Wiley, who because of two individual firsts aboard Nautical had been wearing the gold arm band of the leading rider, had two knockdowns with Master William. Winkler and America's Bill Steinkraus tied for first; they had jumped off to break the tie, with time to be the deciding factor if there was an equality of faults. Not only did they both go clean, but they both did it in exactly the same amount of time, even to the split second. Winkler then demanded that the class be called a tie, and the judge agreed, so the West German aspirin salesman was also, by virtue of this decision, the show's leading rider. The German team also won the low-score competition and the show's team prize; the U.S. was second; the Canadians, with a much improved team this year, were third, Mexico fourth and the Cubans last.

The Mexicans, however, did earn one big and exciting first when little Vicky Mariles, riding last in a fault-and-out class on Chihuahua II, beat Winkler on time. "You can't kid me," remarked a spectator watching the fast performance. "That's General Mariles with a wig on." END

WARILY EYING each other, Windsor Castle, who doesn't like to stand still, and Trainer-Rider Max Bonham, who knows it, pose in ring with championship rosette.

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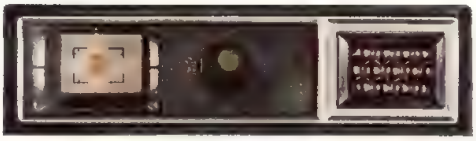

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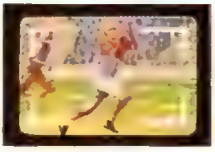

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Apple of your tooth

The modest McIntosh is not for show but it has some rare eating qualities

PERHAPS BECAUSE my husband and I spend part of our time in a retired part of the New England countryside, where ruined chimneys surrounded by a few gnarled McIntosh apple trees are often the only sign of former human habitation, this apple is to me a favorite—a rugged symbol of the Yankee will to live.

The apple was named for John McIntosh, a loyalist to the English crown, who left the town of Schenectady at the time of the Revolution to resettle as a British subject in the frontier country of Ontario, Canada. Clearing a tract of forest land in the year 1796, he came upon a clump of young apple trees which he transplanted nearer to his house. One of these trees continued to live and bear fruit of an extraordinary flavor for 112 years—until killed by fire in 1908. The strain was propagated by the frontiersman's son, Allen McIntosh, through grafting from the original tree, and by the turn of the century was well established all over the Northeast.

The fragrant McIntosh is not the apple of your eye—not a candidate for the bon voyage basket. Dumpy, subdued in coloration (*see opposite page*), it is nevertheless an apple of your tooth. It is an apple of ineffable delight to munch in an autumn orchard or to cut up raw and eat at the end of a dinner party as the perfect foil to cheese and hot walnuts.

When cooked, the McIntosh is juicy and has a winy flavor. It makes the best *pink* applesauce in the world (cut up, unpeeled and uncored, boiled quickly with almost no water, strained and sweetened, if need be). Other apples may make better apple pies, apple compotes and apple dumplings. But this is *the* apple for such arcana as apple slump, apple float, apple Indian, apple crunch and apple butter—not to mention the brown Betty and the apple pan dowdy of early America.

TWO OLD-FASHIONED APPLE DESSERTS

Brown Betty

There are many present-day variants and refinements of apple Betty, but I find this simple recipe the very best. It serves eight.

INGREDIENTS

2 cups very coarse bread crumbs from crusty, stale, white French or brown Italian bread (more like the bread of our ancestors than regular bread)
½ pound butter, melted
8 pared McIntosh apples, sliced thin
½ cup water
Butter, light brown sugar, cinnamon

DIRECTIONS

Soak crumbs in melted butter. Put a layer of sliced apples in baking dish that has been lavishly buttered. Sprinkle heavily with light brown sugar mixed with a little cinnamon. Cover with a layer of crumb mixture; top with other layers of apple slices, sugar, more crumbs, etc., till dish is filled, ending with layer of buttered crumbs. Sprinkle water on top. Bake uncovered in moderate oven 30 to 45 minutes or till apples are tender.

FOR VERY GOOD HARD SAUCE

Cream 1 cup of powdered sugar with ½ cup butter; fold in the white of an egg, beaten stiff, and ¼ cup of strong-flavored, dark rum, such as a Jamaica or a New England rum. Chill in freezing compartment before using.

Apple pan dowdy

A "receipt" that was given to me years ago by a nice old lady from Whitinsville, Mass. It makes a ravishing dessert that serves six.

INGREDIENTS FOR THE APPLE PART

7 McIntosh apples, cored
2 tablespoons butter in bits
1 cup sugar, brown and white mixed
1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ground cloves
¾ cup water

DIRECTIONS

Slice apples unpeeled and put in deep, heavy pan with rest of ingredients. Boil very gently, stirring occasionally, 40 minutes covered, then 20 minutes uncovered.

INGREDIENTS FOR THE DOWDY PART

½ pound flour (half white, half whole meal flour, if possible)
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons melted butter
¼ cup milk and water, mixed half and half
Extra milk and butter

DIRECTIONS

Sift first four ingredients together into large bowl; stir in sugar, mix quickly into a dough (using hands) with melted butter, milk and water. Pat into flat cake slightly smaller than bottom of 9-inch piepan. Place in buttered pan; brush top with milk. Bake 35 minutes at 350°, then turn up oven to 450°; brush top of cake with melted butter, turn it over and bake 5 minutes more.
To serve, place half of hot apple mixture in round serving dish, place dowdy on top of it, cut in pie-shaped pieces. Cover with rest of apples. Reheat if necessary. Serve with foamy sauce, hard sauce or thick cream.

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe
Serving dish from Sheraton Marks

EXULTANT AFTER MAGNIFICENT VICTORY OVER DARTMOUTH, HARVARD PLAYERS CARRY HAPPY COACH YOVICSIN OUT OF STADIUM

ON FIELD AND CAMPUS / *Roy Terrell*

Photographs by Ted Polumbaum

The square is alive again

A charming Rebel in cleats named Ravenel has won the hearts of all Cambridge and made Harvard football fun once more

UNAPPRECIATED by those they seek to serve and with invective their sole reward, the pollsters arise one morning each week from rumpled beds to vote on the best college football team in the land. Haggard and drawn after sleepless nights spent trying to decide whether Iowa is better than LSU and if Auburn should outrank Army, they forge valiantly ahead to meet the deadline imposed by a vast and breathless audience. Sometimes the hand shakes but the ballot is unflinchingly firm. Theirs is a tough and demanding job.

This week, for example, there were some real puzzlers to mull over in trying to decide who was No. 1. Like what to do with this bunch of kids from Northwestern, who dealt mighty Ohio State that 21 0 jolt. Next year Northwestern may make everyone's job a lot easier, but right now, despite the first victory by a Big Ten opponent over Ohio State in two seasons, how can you overlook Northwestern's one-touchdown loss a week before to Iowa? And speaking of Iowa, sure the Hawkeyes are undefeated and heading for the Rose Bowl as fast as Randy Duncan can pitch 'em there, but don't forget that early-season tie with the Air Force. And whoever heard of the Air Force?

Perhaps the solution is to stick with LSU, which beat Mississippi 14 0 in the week's only game involving major undefeated teams, yet what about Auburn? Auburn has been tied this year but it still remains undefeated over the last two seasons. There is also Oklahoma, which ruined Colorado's undefeated hopes 23 7, and Army, which came boiling back from its lone blemish of the year, a tie with Pitt, to pound poor Colgate 68 6. And speaking of Pitt, what about Syracuse, which has lost only once, yet remained virtually unnoticed until its victories the last two weeks over favored Penn State and Pittsburgh? Yeah, what about Syracuse?

Yet into each life a few sunbeams must flow, and to a pollster the happiest moment of all is when his puzzling pencil strays across the Ivy League. With two firm strokes he disposes of eight teams and goes on. Thank God, the pollsters say, for the Ivies.

This is not to imply that football is not played in the Ivy League. After all, this is where the game was invented, and should anyone doubt the fact, all he has to do is go there

RAVENEL, ROOMMATES JONES (TEXAS) AND MESSENBAUGH (OKLAHOMA) STUDY, WITH FLAG OF CONFEDERACY AS A BACKDROP

and see for himself. Sometimes the blocking and tackling are not so crisp —sometimes, in fact, there is hardly any blocking and tackling at all— and the crowds are seldom immense and the bands have quite a bit of trouble staying in step, but there is one saving grace about Ivy League football. So long as the eight teams confine their activities to each other and stay away from Army and Navy and Rutgers and Buffalo and the better Texas and Ohio high schools, everything will be all right. When two Ivy League teams play each other, there is a good contest and, perhaps even more important, everyone is going to have fun. It is this which makes football as it exists in the Ivy League about as close to what the sport was originally intended to be as anyone is going to find these days. May it never get any better.

This year the best team in the Ivy League appears to be Cornell. Until last Saturday the second-best team, amazingly enough, seemed to be Harvard. But against Pennsylvania Harvard lost its gifted little quarterback, Charlie Ravenel, three plays before the end of the first half, and went down 19-6. Ravenel's injury was only a mild concussion—there are other schools where he would have been used when he was needed so badly in that second half—and he will almost certainly be back ready to play this weekend against Princeton. With Ravenel in the lineup, Harvard is still one of the Ivy League's best.

If Charlie Ravenel has done something for Harvard, however, Harvard has done even more for Charlie Ravenel. Here Dean Brelis, Harvard man, journalist, novelist, tells you all about it:

In a matter of weeks, the red brick and the ever-present ivy of Harvard's many walls seem to have taken on a curious, increasing vibrancy, a sudden giving way to the spirit of half-forgotten memories of days when Harvard held its own on the football field. This dramatic stimulus has been brought about by a combination of factors, among them a coach named John Yovicsin, a freshman football team considered by all who have seen it to be one of the greatest Harvard has ever had, and a varsity which won three straight before losing to Penn last week. Harvard football teams, in recent years, have not won three straight games very often.

When the team defeated heavily favored Dartmouth the week before the Penn game, Harvard football reached its highest point of achievement in years. In the uproar of victory, the players rushed across the muddy field to the bench and lifted Yovicsin to their shoulders. In the impassioned enthusiasm of that moment, they also picked up a couple of teammates, one the heavy captain of the team, Shag Shaunessy, and another, the lightest man on the team, Charles Ravenel.

In the stands, old grads took off their sodden hats. Whatever Harvard conservatism or indifference had been bred into them—or adopted as a suitably stiff pose with which to witness a Harvard debacle on the football field—was forgotten. Indifference gave way to gleeful tears. Respectable silence was abandoned for a bombardment of cheers—for Harvard, for Yovicsin, for the team, for the past, for the existence of a Harvard quarterback with the volcanic personality to wheel the Crimson toward the touchdowns every alumnus wants. On the sidelines, a former Harvard football captain said: "What Ravenel does is play so hard, with so much desire, everyone else on the team gives all he's got."

"Chance," says Ravenel, "gave me my name. I was lucky to be born with it. It's pure chance for me that it happened. But since it has I naturally take pride in it." He does not talk about the Ravenel name with

continued

aristocratic posture in his bearing nor in his voice, though South Carolina Ravenels are a distinguished and large clan in Charleston. The Ravenel line has produced many sons of the South and, in Charlie's case, the family story is long but the family coffers barren. This fact has loomed over Charles Ravenel. He is as much aware of the economic factors of life as he is of the name Ravenel on the Charleston war monument overlooking the famous battery.

Besides giving him his name, chance had him born a poor boy with the determination to boost himself. That determination brought Charles Ravenel to Harvard.

"I've always wanted the best," he says. He mentions boyhood days in Charleston when he delivered newspapers on a bike, and there was the look of the city in the early morning and he couldn't restrain his enthusiasm. He sang to himself. He says these things with pride and no self-conscious apologies. It was a rough time and apparently did him no harm. His father works at the naval base, and Charlie knew that if he were going to college he would have to manage it on his own. His father, one gathers, is the kind of man who has made no spectacular success in life except to know that he has two sons who love and respect him.

Charlie was a bright boy in high school, and in football he was a pint-sized, indefatigable quarterback.

TWO MORE YEARS IS TOO MUCH

Talking about Ravenel after the Dartmouth game, Coach Bob Blackman of Dartmouth said of him, "I've known about Ravenel for a long time. He's always played on a winning team. The boy is hungry for winning. I dread to think of facing him for two more years."

By the time Charlie had finished high school in Charleston the word had gotten around southern colleges, and a few in the North, that Ravenel was a young man with a future on the football field. But he was small.

No one knew this better than young Ravenel. An uncle had played football for Notre Dame, "and I thought Notre Dame was the best football team in the country. I wanted to go there. I would have gone, too, if I thought I could have played football. But a little guy like myself wouldn't have a chance. I might have made the team but not first string. And what good's that? I wouldn't play. And I want to play football."

Lights flashed in his eyes, lighting up as the words came, rapid, and you felt how much he cares for the game and what a meaning it must have for the inner Charles Ravenel.

So there and then he decided that it would be Harvard. He arrived at this decision with a practical approach and solution to his problem.

"Football lasts for four years, then it's over. So I couldn't play football for Notre Dame. I kept thinking about what I wanted after college. The truth is, I wanted to practice law. My decision was easy. I would get the best education in the country, and I knew that the best was at Harvard. I've always wanted the best."

Ravenel has no illusions or pretenses about his role in the world of the intellectual. More healthy extrovert than fulltime scholar, he is nevertheless truly bright and was well above average in high school, yet after graduating he could not qualify for Harvard. Determined to get over the admission hurdle, he obtained a scholarship (awarded on the basis of need and ability) to Exeter.

"Going to Exeter was one of the great experiences," he says. In a totally different atmosphere from that of Charleston he grew academically, and when he played football (Exeter went undefeated), he did so in a manner that had coaches from all the Ivy League colleges carefully watching him. Ravenel still had a goal. He refused to discuss offers, but one thing he made clear. Not one could turn his head from what he wanted: a Harvard education and a first-string job on the Harvard football team. The year at Exeter had its desired effect: it enabled him to enter Harvard.

Ravenel is on a scholarship. He gets no monetary help from home. The scholarship, based entirely on his maintaining good grades, pays for his tuition and books and amounts to about $1,300 a year. This is not enough for any Harvard student, so Ravenel earns money for his other expenses (about $1,000 annually) working as a waiter-dishwasher at the Harvard Varsity Club. He is also a student representative of *The New York Times*, handling subscriptions and seeing to the distribution of papers.

Charlie is not a social lion, though he is a member of the Hasty Pudding Club and has been punched by the A.D., one of the better final clubs.

Charlie has a girl in the South. Her name is Bev DuBose, and she is a student at St. Mary's Junior College in Raleigh, N.C. although her home is in Columbia, S.C. But it is a thousand miles from the Carolinas to Cambridge, so Charlie occasionally dates a girl up North, too. The northern girl is Margie Howard and she is a freshman at nearby Mount Ida College. During the Dartmouth game she wore a big red coat with an H on the back which had been loaned to her by Charlie. He does not fancy Radcliffe girls.

His roommates are both 6 feet 2 inches, both 19, and both varsity

HAPPY HERO Ravenel, still in uniform after game, is congratulated by date, pretty Mount Ida freshman Margie Howard.

athletes. They know girls at Wellesley and Pine Manor and date them. One roommate is Bert Messenbaugh, a big blond from Oklahoma City. He is a second-string end on the varsity team and became friends with Charlie when they played together last year on the freshman team. Bert is a premedical school major who came to Harvard because his history teacher at Casady School in Oklahoma was a Harvard man who described Cambridge with faithful enthusiasm and affection. "I love it," Bert says. "I wanted a good education and I wanted to know people off the football field as well as on it. This is the place for it. The kind of football we play is terrific, and what you get out of the classes is something you can't get anywhere else."

These same sentiments are expressed by Jerry H. Jones, the other roommate. He comes from Lamesa,

Texas where his father is a rancher. He is on the varsity crew, rowed last year on Harvard's undefeated freshmen eight. He rows number six. "When I'm through here," he says, "I expect to go back to Texas and ranch. But I wanted a liberal education and that's why I'm here. It's a great place."

Obviously, the Harvard which once was a school for the Eastern Seaboard has stretched its boundaries so that now the stream of applications coming in every year does so from all parts of the nation. It is a national school, and because standards for admission are higher than ever now, Harvard attracts young men like Charlie Ravenel and his roommates, who are fine athletes but not taciturn and brooding when challenged to use their minds. Their manners and their dress are as correct as anything you might expect to find in a Beacon Hill drawing room. They do not live in a rarefied intellectual corner of undergraduate uncertainty. Anything but. They are in the Ivy League because their standards of mental stimulus and interest are not lackluster. They know what they want and they are out to get it.

They will talk about *The Great Gatsby* and *Measure for Measure*. The books in their shelves pass through a range of cerebral activity ranging from *The Red and the Black* to *Tom Jones*, from *A History of Greece* to *The Mind of the South*. On a wall there is a large Dixie flag. The records run the full measure of jazz, heavy on Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra and folk singers like Pete Seeger and Burl Ives. They are not in lethargic shape mentally.

Charlie, as a freshman, achieved two Bs and two Cs, a respectable showing.

As a sophomore, he has a course called Social Relations 105, which is a comparison of American and Russian economic and social systems, other courses in medieval history and American colonial history (history is his major), and a fourth course called Fine Arts 13.

"I know this sounds like basket-weaving," he says. "Something a football player would take. But it isn't. I really know nothing about art, and this is an introduction for me. It's fascinating."

His greatest discovery was reading *War and Peace* for the first time in a humanities course that has a gigantic

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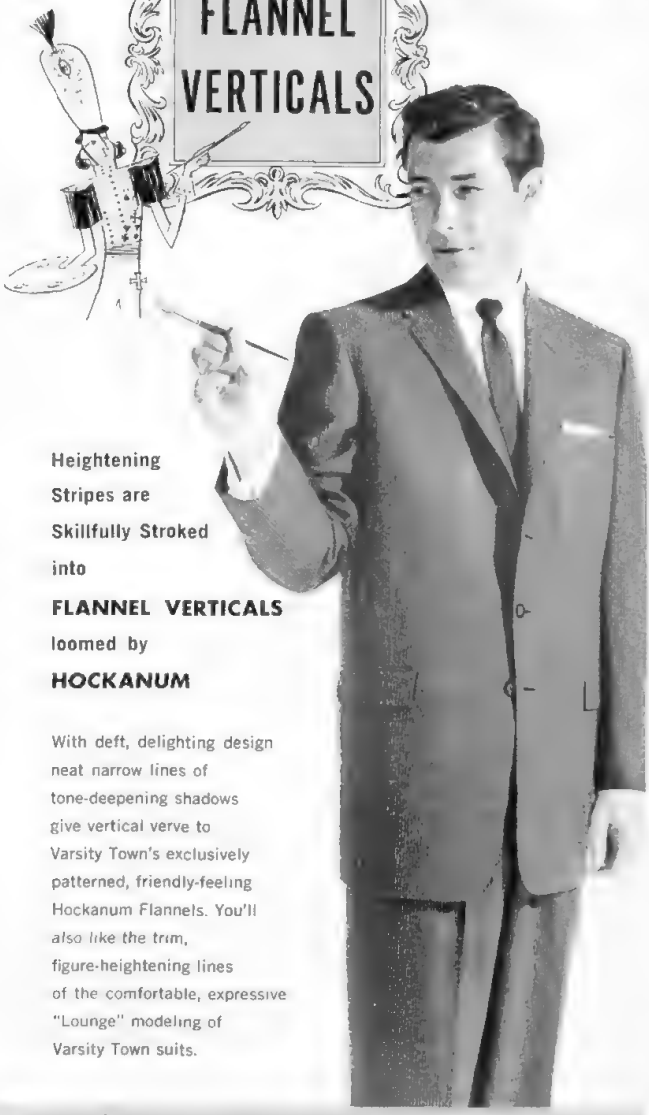

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reading list, beginning with Homer, ending with Joyce.

"I just got the feel of it," Charlie says of *War and Peace*. "I'm not an intellectual, but I understood what it meant even though I wasn't familiar with the time and the place of it—but I got the feel of it."

What does he want to do when he gets out of Harvard?

"Go back home. I want to go to law school in the South, and then, after that, practice in Charleston."

What does he seek through his college years? "Common sense. I don't want to be a man who has so much knowledge he doesn't know what to think. I want to be a good practical lawyer. I don't want to be the kind of man who coasts along. I want to be out there in front using my head, not with a lot of pretense, but just saying my piece and having it make sense." He paused for a moment. "I want a good woman, and I want to be able to sit in the foothills of South Carolina, having a drink of iced tea on the porch, watching the sun set."

Charlie has a younger brother, Hal, 18, at Clemson. Hal doesn't play football. He did, but a high school injury ended any career he might have had. "We're exactly the same size," said Charlie, "5 feet 8½ inches, 149 pounds. We exchange clothes all the time. Between the two of us we manage to look as though we have a much larger wardrobe."

What does he think of Ivy League football? "The crowds are enthusiastic and they like to see us play as much as we like to play. The competition is on all the time. Ivy League football is good enough for me."

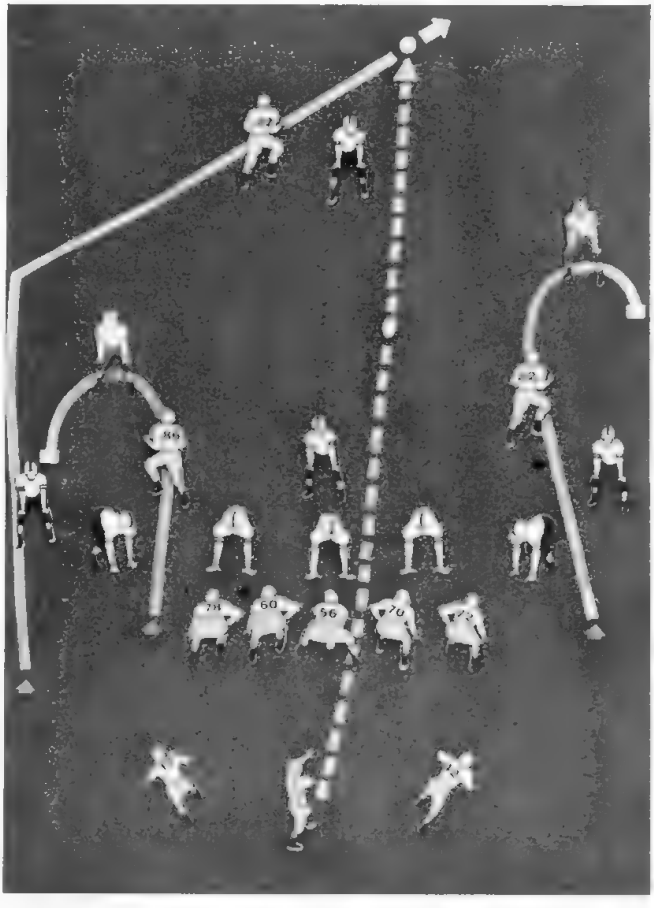
What role does football play in his present life? "Football is one of the two stabilizing things in my life. It's like a pill. Every afternoon when I go to practice, I stop worrying about all the things someone like myself, still growing up, worries about. It's like going into a monastery for a couple of hours. It's a real stabilizer."

What is the other stabilizer?

"Religion. My faith in God, that He's providential, that He looks over me."

NOBODY BELIEVES NORTHWESTERN

WHAT'S this? Northwestern 21, Ohio State 0? Three weeks ago, when the sophomores and juniors who make up the bulk of Coach Ara Parseghian's Northwestern Wildcats were swamping Michigan 35-24, incredulous reporters and sports announcers kept asking for a recheck to make sure there hadn't been some absurd error. "We feel there's been a mistake here," said a voice over the public address system at one game when the 43-0 halftime score was broadcast. All season long people everywhere have been thinking this wonderful, unpredictable Northwestern team was somehow or other just a fluke—everywhere, that is, except in Evanston, Ill., where they have been accepting their blessings with uncomplicated joy. Like their brethren at Harvard, the Northwesterners are simply delighted that the long football drought is at last ended. No one expressed it better than Coach Parseghian himself when he was handed the winning football last Saturday after the glorious Ohio State victory: "I wouldn't give this ball up for a million dollars. No sir, not for $20 million."



SPREAD PASS which initiated the onslaught against Ohio State is shown on the right.

Left End Elbert Kimbrough (86) goes eight yards downfield, hooks back, pulling right defensive halfback with him. Right End Irv Cross (32) repeats the same pattern 15 yards deep on his side. Ron Burton (22), the flanked left halfback who can run 100 yards in 9.6 seconds, starts straight downfield, then cuts behind the defensive right halfback and outruns the safety man to take the pass from Quarterback Dick Thornton. The play was good for 67 yards and Northwestern's first touchdown.

He had talked without naming a denomination. Which is his?

"*Roman Catholic.*"

Charlie eats at the football varsity training table each day except Sunday. Daily breakfast is taken in Eliot House, where he lives. By and large, because of its architectural beauty, it is the house most desired by undergraduates. The housemaster is Professor John Finley, noted classicist.

On a Saturday night, G Entry, the section of Eliot House where Ravenel lives, is aglow with the clamor and excitement of the time-honored postgame parties. From the windows of the rooms crowded with pretty girls and exuberant undergraduates one can look out at the Charles River. The lights are going on toward the stadium, shining through the gray dark.

The spirit of the entry, five floors of it, is congenial, doors open on all floors, students wandering from one party to another, climbing stairs, recognizing one another with standard nicknames. Though this situation can be a fairly exciting one—as it was in the first hours after the great Dartmouth victory, with the hero of the game living on the top floor of the entry—it would be impossible to describe the celebration as one directed toward Ravenel. Rather, he is a modest part of it. Here all the people in the entry become to some degree Harvard. Everyone is himself and would strenuously object to any visible demonstration in favor of one person. In this respect each takes on something of what is the Harvard attitude of restraint. No one is fighting fanatically to tear down doors or shake Ravenel's hand for his successful performance that day. Actually, some are looking over prints that someone else had bought in Harvard Square, while others are listening to records.

Looking around him on the Saturday evening after the Dartmouth game, Charlie said to Marge, "Isn't this party just right?"

Just then, up the long flights of stairs, came the housemaster. He was neither professorial nor shy. The undergraduates like him, and Professor Finley's appearance brought welcoming smiles. He greeted them by name. Then he shook hands with Ravenel and told him, "I enjoyed today's game enormously." With that he went away and Ravenel said, "Wasn't that a nice thing for him to do?" END

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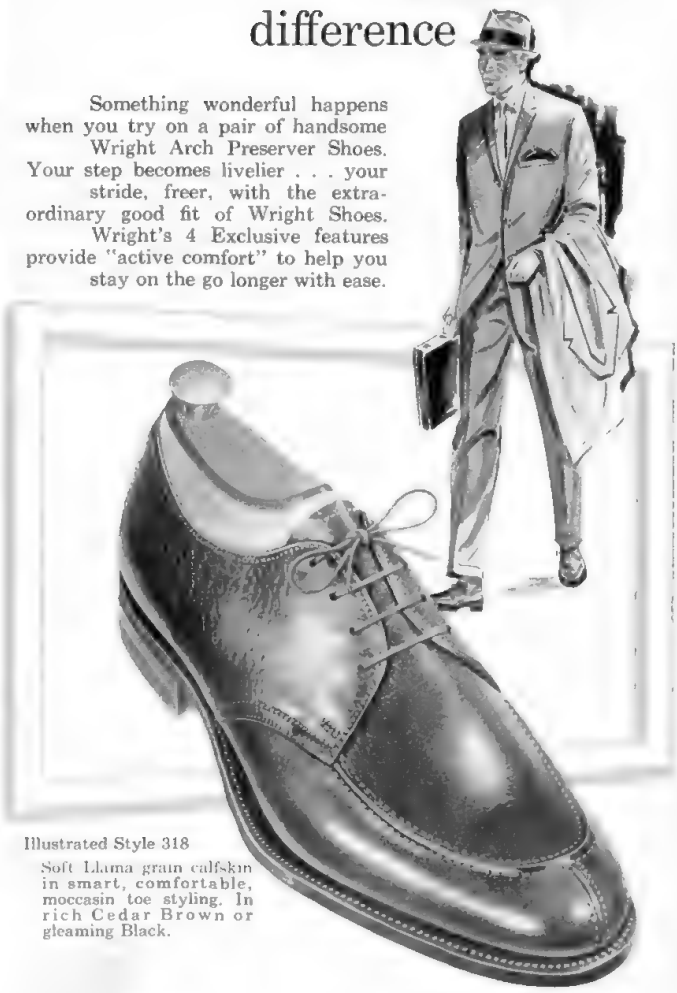

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Swing sessions for hep kibitzers

Not until the final hand did the Fishbein team win the U.S. Bridge Team Championship and a crack at Italy this winter

THEY CAME OUT swinging on board No. 1 of the U.S. Bridge Team Championship playoff match. And, to the delight of the 300 to 400 spellbound kibitzers, the swings continued right down to the last moment.

In the end, it was the veteran Fishbein team that won the right to represent the United States in the World Championship to be played in New York next February.

The very first hand left no doubt that the New York audience was rooting for the home team. Harry Fishbein, Sam Fry Jr., Lee Hazen and Leonard Harmon are New Yorkers; only Ivar Stakgold hails from out of town. By contrast, except for their pair of Miamians, Robert Rothlein and Cyrus Neuman, the opponents live almost as remote from one another as from New York. The two Californians, Paul Allinger of Alameda and William Hanna of Los Angeles, are such a long day's journey apart that even when they are on the same team they do not play as partners; instead each plays with Sidney Lazard of New Orleans.

In the very first hand, Fishbein bid and made four spades doubled for 590 points. In the other room, Stakgold and Harmon stole the hand for a contract of four clubs, down 50. The swing of 540 was worth 6 International Match Points. This lead lasted only long enough for the second hand to be completed.

North-South vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH
♠ 10 7 3
♥ J 9 8 4
♦ 10 7 3
♣ 9 6 4

WEST
♠ A Q 8 5
♥ K 10 3
♦ K Q 9 5
♣ Q 10

EAST
♠ 9 6
♥ 7 6 5 2
♦ A 6
♣ A J 8 7 5

SOUTH
♠ K J 4 2
♥ A Q
♦ J 8 4 2
♣ K 3 2

In the closed room the bidding was:

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
Fry	*Hanna*	*Fishbein*	*Lazard*
PASS	1♦	PASS	PASS
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

Somehow Allinger managed to snare six tricks to hold his loss to down one, 200 points.

In the open room, however, the spectators shuddered at the slaughter that followed South's opening weak no-trump bid.

EAST (*Rothlein*)	SOUTH (*Harman*)	WEST (*Neuman*)	NORTH (*Stakgold*)
PASS	1 N.T.	DOUBLE	2♥
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

Stakgold was sent down to a staggering 1,100-point set and a net loss of 900 points, worth 7 IMPs to the Rothlein team.

After this unfortunate beginning the Fishbein team trailed through most of the early play. But they whittled away at the Rothlein lead and with a late rally that gained 11 IMPs, they finished the first half, or 56 boards, in a tie at 66 IMPs each.

Then, on the very first board of the second half, Stakgold and Harmon absorbed another 1,100-point drubbing when their weak no-trump opening was doubled and set four tricks. By the halfway mark in this session, however, the Fishbein team had reversed the trend and achieved a slim 3-point lead, which they built steadily throughout the remainder of Sunday afternoon—thanks in part to this lucky but well-played slam hand which thrilled the gallery.

North-South vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH
♠ A K 2
♥ Q J 7
♦ 5 3
♣ A K 9 8 4

WEST
♠ 10 5 4
♥ 9 4
♦ K 8 6 2
♣ Q J 10 6

EAST
♠ 9 7
♥ K 10 6 5 3
♦ Q 10 9 7 4
♣ 2

SOUTH
♠ Q J 8 6 3
♥ A 8 2
♦ A J
♣ 7 5 3

In the earlier play, in the closed room, Lazard and Hanna stopped at four spades—a decision that was quite reasonable, since a diamond opening would have given South no

INTERESTED KIBITZERS FOLLOW ACTUAL PLAY OF EACH HAND ON A LARGE SCREEN

chance whatever to make a slam. But the excited gallery of kibitzers heard Fishbein and Hazen in a more ambitious auction:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠
PASS	3 ♠	PASS	6 ♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: club queen

Considering the sort of club suits that are bid on many hands, West's choice of leads was less inept than unfortunate. Hazen won with dummy's king and drew three rounds of trumps, ending in his hand.

By this time the kibitzers had been alerted by the commentators to the possibility that if West ducked the next club lead it might give declarer considerable trouble. Throughout the match, and despite earlier partisan leanings, it was clear that a large segment of the audience was rooting for whichever team was underdog at the moment. So, naturally, there was a great groan when Hazen led a club and West played an honor. West was allowed to hold the trick. South won the diamond return—the lead that came too late—and finessed against West's remaining club honor. North's two remaining clubs thus provided discards for South's jack of diamonds and one of his hearts and the success of the heart finesse brought home the slam.

Meanwhile, one of the experts at the commentators' table reassured the audience that the first analysis had been wrong. It would do West no good to duck the second club. North would win the trick with the 8, cash the ace and lead a fourth club for declarer to ruff. Entry could be forced to dummy by leading a low heart, giving up the finesse but making certain that the North hand could be reached in time to discard South's losing diamond.

The gain of 7 IMPs on this hand helped the Fishbein team go into the final quarter with what seemed like the commanding margin of 21 points. Then, in the final 28 hands, the devil got into the cards.

On five of the first 14 deals played Sunday night, the Rothlein team scored 26 IMPs. But Fishbein scored 25 IMPs on six others and clung to 20 points of his lead with only 14 boards to go.

After three deals in the last half of this final session, Fishbein's lead had soared to 23—the largest margin either team enjoyed during the match. Then, while the gallery stirred and muttered, Rothlein began to close the gap. Steadily the lead shrank to 16, 15, 14, 12, 7. Then came this decisive hand.

Neither side vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH
♠ A K Q 3
♥ Q J 9
♦ Q 6 5
♣ A K 7

WEST
♠ 7 5
♥ 8 6 5 4 2
♦ K J 7 3
♣ 5 2

EAST
♠ 10 9 8 2
♥ 7 3
♦ —
♣ Q J 10 9 8 4 3

SOUTH
♠ J 6 4
♥ A K 10
♦ A 10 9 8 4 2
♣ 6

At both tables East opened preemptively with three clubs. In the closed room, Stakgold and Harmon zoomed into a grand slam at diamonds. The Blackwood four- and five-no-trump bids revealed that South held only one king, but Harmon gambled that it would be the king of diamonds. Every bridge book points out that gambling on a grand slam is against the odds, but Harmon had to take into account that the other team, being behind, might be shooting the works on the last few boards. Result: Down two, -100. So the spectators in the open room, by now numbering some 400 enthusiastic bridge fans, were aware that the match hung in the balance when Hanna and Lazard bid it thus:

EAST (Fry)	SOUTH (Hanna)	WEST (Hazen)	NORTH (Lazard)
3 ♣	3 ♦	PASS	4 ♣
PASS	4 ♦	PASS	4 N.T.
PASS	5 ♥	PASS	5 N.T.
PASS	6 ♦	PASS	6 N.T.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: club queen

Making six no trump would be worth 8 IMPs to the Rothlein team and give them a one-point lead. Lazard won the opening club and cashed two spades.

The commentators pointed out that cashing two more spades would reveal East's four-card holding.

His opening three-club bid suggested a seven-card club suit.

Declarer could not afford to play two rounds of hearts to complete the count for he needed two entries to dummy. But if he led the heart queen to dummy's king, all but one of East's cards would be accounted for, and North would have at his command a play that would bring home the slam if that card were any but the king of diamonds.

The percentage line is to lead the 10 of diamonds from dummy and, if West ducks, play the queen. This play is superior to the double finesse. It wins if East holds the singleton jack, as well as where West holds all four diamonds. West's best play is to duck and let North make the queen. West has previously been forced to discard two hearts on the spades. Now cashing the high club bails him out of that suit, leaving him with two hearts and three diamonds. Declarer cashes his two remaining hearts and throws West in by playing the 9 of diamonds. West is forced to return a diamond into dummy's tenace. It does no good if, earlier, he tries to escape this fate by discarding a diamond. Then it is a simple matter for declarer to concede the diamond trick before cashing the hearts.

However, it didn't happen that way. Lazard (who afterward confessed that he was obsessed with the idea that East held the lone king of diamonds) led a low diamond from his hand after cashing only two spades. That scuttled the contract. West now had two diamond stoppers, and declarer could win only 11 tricks. Going down only one picked up an IMP, and the Rothlein team gained three more on the final hand of the match. But it wasn't enough. Fishbein's outfit managed to preserve four points of its margin, and will play for the United States next February—reinforced with one player from the Rothlein team, in accordance with the American Contract Bridge League's ruling that a five-man team must select its sixth from the runners-up. Thus, though haunted by regret for not having come up with the play that would have won the match for his team, Sidney Lazard, New Orleans oilman, will nevertheless be playing for us in the big matches next February.

To give you some idea of their timbre, his teammates agreed that the winners had made the logical choice!

And to give you an idea of what kind of player Lazard is, even before the match was played he had spent weeks studying the Neapolitan system (he even read my book on it!).

How will our team fare against Italy next February? I'm not ready to predict that as yet. Meanwhile, that Neapolitan system has six very interested students. **END**

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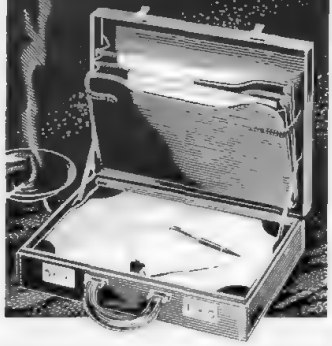

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The Browns' Jim Dandy

Cleveland's Jim Brown, an indispensable man, looks like best runner in football history

WEEK after week the pro football crowds just grow and grow. A fortnight ago 282,530 watched the 12 National Football League teams have at each other; last week with the help of 100,170 in the Los Angeles Coliseum and another 78,404 in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, the league attendance rose to 326,131. These people pay to see perfection—or the closest thing to it—and in Cleveland the man who comes nearest to giving it to them is James Brown, the benign-looking young gentleman to the left with the shoulders of a Miura bull and a 30-inch waist.

Despite the fact that Cleveland lost last Sunday's game with the New York Giants by 21-17, Jim Brown is still about the most exciting thing to hit Cleveland since Bob Feller's fast ball was intimidating American League hitters. Although he is still just a sophomore in pro football, scarcely dry behind the ears as age is reckoned by the old pros, Brown already threatens league season records in touchdowns and yards gained rushing. In six games—half a season—he has scored 15 touchdowns (record: 18) and gained 928 yards rushing (record: 1,146). If he continues his incredible antics, he should, by the time he has played the season out, nearly double both existing records, which were set by the Philadelphia Eagles' Steve Van Buren. On the basis of this six-game performance, Jim Brown is the greatest running back professional football has ever seen.

Seldom is one player so good that he becomes absolutely essential to the success of a pro team. The pro clubs strive for a depth and balance of personnel so nearly perfect that the

continued

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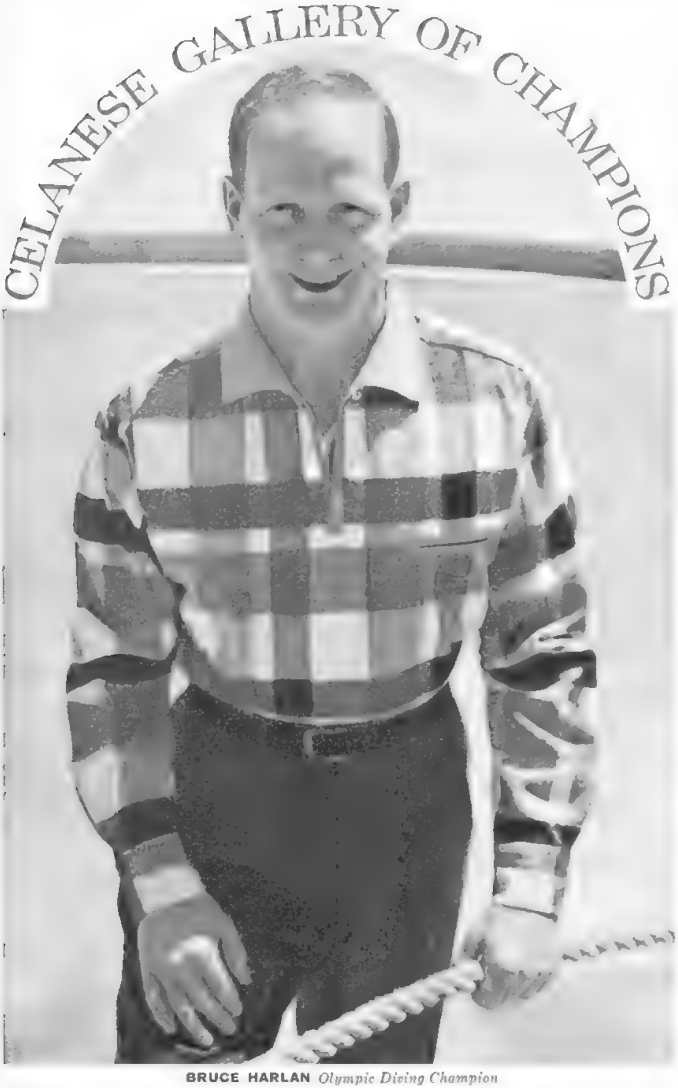

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loss of one man can do no irreparable harm to the team as a whole. And Cleveland, as much as any team, has attained this ideal. Paradoxically, the Browns are the only team in the league which could lose a considerable part of its effectiveness by injury to a single player who is not a quarterback. The Giants managed their victory last Sunday not by stopping Brown, which seems impossible, but by cutting down on his effectiveness. The Giant coaches assigned Sam Huff, one of the league's best linebackers, to dog Brown's footsteps all afternoon. It was a thankless task, and Huff was not always successful: once Brown burst out of a pack of tacklers and fled 58 yards to a touchdown. But he had his "worst" day of the year—only 113 yards rushing in 13 carries.

Jim is a quiet, relaxed human being off the field. In repose, the magnificent body looks loose, the heavy muscles bulging even at rest, the impression he gives one of a great hunting cat asleep in the sun. He is not talkative, but he is an articulate young man who understands the technique of running with a football and is able to explain it.

"There are several reasons why I am running better this year than last," he said the other day. "First, I fit into the Brown offensive unit better. I came to camp three weeks late from the All-Stars last year, and for a while I'd hit the wrong hole on an occasional play. For instance, I wasn't familiar with how Mike McCormack blocks in the middle of the line and once in a while I'd run into Mike and the man he was blocking because I didn't know which way to cut."

Glenn Holtzman, a very good 250-pound tackle for the Los Angeles Rams, recently explained what it is like to face Brown from the wrong side of the line: "He's just the best back in the league . . . fast as the fastest, hard as the hardest. He gets off to the quickest start of any big man I've ever seen. An arm tackle is *no soap; he runs right through you.* The only way I've found to stop him is hit him right at the ankles with your shoulder . . . otherwise, it's like tackling a locomotive." Brown has tremendous lateral speed and balance; he can be hit, knocked sideways and land on his feet running in another direction, picking up full speed again in a few steps.

One league coach made Brown's importance very clear after his team had dropped a thriller to the Browns: "If they ever lose Jim Brown, then they'll be even with the rest of us."

•

Elsewhere, the Baltimore Colts continued to pick up momentum with a rain-splashed 56-0 victory over the Green Bay Packers. The Colts found, happily, that even John Unitas is not indispensable; after this fine quarterback was slightly injured and left the game at the half, sub George Shaw passed for three touchdowns in the second half. The Los Angeles Rams, to the delight of the 100,000-odd fans, edged the Chicago Bears 41-35, pushing the Bears two full games behind Baltimore.

Y. A. Tittle, who has been sitting restlessly on the San Francisco 49er bench with a leg injury, came off it in the fourth period Sunday to engineer the winning touchdown over Detroit, 24-21. Bobby Layne clicked for Pittsburgh in a 24-16 conquest of Washington, and Norm Van Brocklin of the Philadelphia Eagles threw two last-period passes to tie the Chicago Cardinals 21-21. END

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush	Yds. Pass	Pass Comp
Giants vs.	31	161	174	12-23
Browns	17	184	17	4-14
Colts vs.	56	220	170	15-29
Packers	0	95	47	5-26
Rams vs.	41	145	172	12-23
Bears	35	171	167	18-45
49ers vs.	24	234	177	16-29
Lions	21	130	41	9-26
Cardinals vs.	21	200	184	14-33
Eagles	21	118	281	22-48
Steelers vs.	24	146	252	15-26
Redskins	16	80	216	14-26

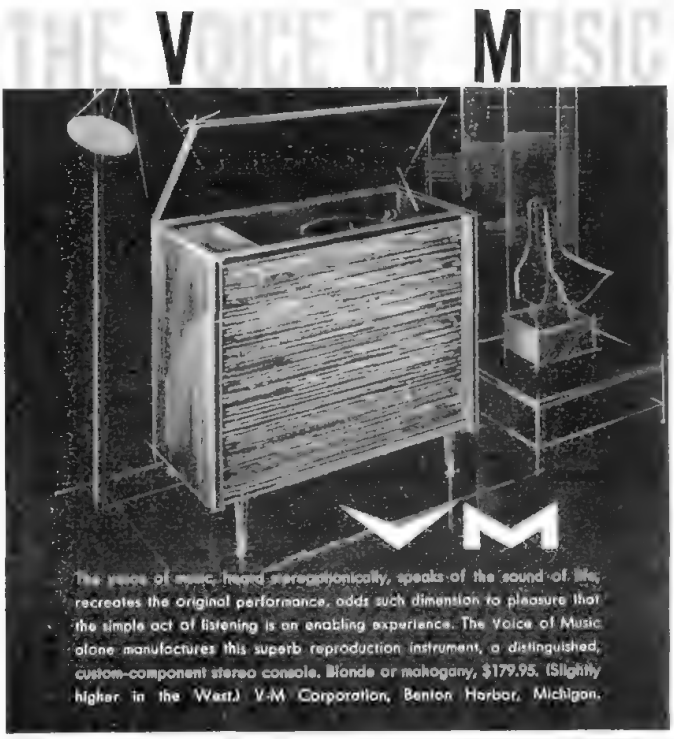
LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
Cleveland	5	1	0	.833
New York	4	2	0	.667
Chicago Cards	2	3	1	.400
Washington	2	4	0	.333
Pittsburgh	2	4	0	.333
Philadelphia	1	4	1	.200

WESTERN DIVISION

Baltimore	6	0	0	1.000
Chicago Bears	4	2	0	.667
San Francisco	3	3	0	.500
Los Angeles	3	3	0	.500
Green Bay	1	4	1	.200
Detroit	1	4	1	.200



continued from page 19

only large city in the vast reaches of Western Australia. Sunshiny days and crisp evenings, which bring a spanking cool breeze known as the "Fremantle doctor," combine with gleaming beaches, rippling bays, handsome parks and untamed countryside to make it a playground city for its near-400,000 population. Perth people lead a robust outdoor life at swimming, surfing, golf, tennis, cricket, football, yachting, hunting, field hockey and even softball. Licensed bookmakers behind painted windows in downtown Perth handle heavy betting traffic for racing fans. On busy Saturdays, special trains speed the horseplayers straight from the track to the big football oval.

FIERY TRAINER Percy Cerutty has the air of a modern Svengali in flamboyant robe.

Herb Elliott was born into this salubrious sporting environment on February 25, 1938. The Elliott family's deep roots in Australia reach even farther back to Ireland. Herb's father, Herbert Charles Elliott, now a balding, somewhat astringent businessman who is closing up his home-furnishings business to manage a finance company, was once a scratch cyclist (one of the last men off the mark) in handicap races. He organized cycling events for a bicycle company, including Hubert Opperman's famous cross-country ride in the late 1930s—2,800 miles from Fremantle to Sydney—at a time when even motorists feared to cross the desolate Nullarbor Plains.

Herb and his brother Laurence, two years younger (now also a runner of outstanding promise), grew up in a relaxed and sporting atmosphere, joining their parents in everything from rowing to golf. The family's present six-room house in suburban Scarborough is within sprinting distance of sand and surf. The boys hauled tons of rock and dirt to carve out a tennis court in the back yard. Growing up, they were close but different: "Herb," says his mother, "was commanding and always terribly aggressive. Laurie is gentler and more even-tempered, like a *Dunlopillo*"—a popular brand of foam-rubber cushion.

Herb Elliott was a big man on Perth's Aquinas College (equal to U.S. high school) campus. Good marks and "distinctions" in mathematics came easy, perhaps too easy. "I didn't have any trouble in the brain box," he says candidly, "but I was lazy. I didn't have an aptitude for study." Herb played the piano, won prizes in debating, was named captain, or head proctor, of the school. He rowed and played a hard game of football—breaking his nose—and he was a track star of overwhelming talent. Aware of his potential, Elliott wrote John Landy for advice on style and training. "Landy told me that the important thing is to run for the sake of running, never just to run against the clock or to set out to break a record." Percy Cerutty saw Elliott run a 4:22 mile in September 1955 and tapped him as world-class material. But three months later and only a week after finishing Aquinas, Elliott dropped a piano on his right foot while preparing a school hall for a dance. He went on crutches and put away his vague thoughts of taking track seriously. He began work for his father's firm as a door-to-door salesman of furniture, carpets and drapes. A star salesman, he was also, by his mother's testimony, "a boy who likes a good time—late nights, dancing, you know." Elliott drifted about town on his Lambretta scooter, smoked heavily, whiled away long hours at Luigi's coffee lounge. Eighteen years old, Herb had everything but a goal. "At that age you don't know what you want to do," he says now, at 20 the world's most famous Australian.

In November 1956 the family flew to Melbourne to see the Olympic Games. "Dad and Mum were both on my back a bit to get me running again." Herb recalls. Seldom demonstrative, Elliott was on his feet to cheer Soviet Sailor Vladimir Kuts's inspired 5,000- and 10,000-meter victories. Perth Chiropractor James Tunney, an old family friend, who was sitting next to the Elliotts in the Olympic stands, took the opportunity to growl at him: "If I had half your ability I wouldn't even finish this cigaret." A seed was planted. Hopping the fence around Olympic Village, Elliott hobnobbed briefly with the athletes and met Ron Delany. Then he drove to Portsea to see Percy Cerutty.

Their meeting was the turning point in Elliott's life. A wiry, tempestuous man with a leathery face and flaming-white hair, Percy Cerutty is controversy personified—a fireball widely written off as a crank and a fanatic, and just as widely admired as the goad and original mentor of a string of Australia's top athletes. Landy, Les Perry, Don MacMillan, Albert Thomas, Dave Stephens, New Zealand's Murray Halberg all trained for a time at Portsea. Even the late Olympic cyclist Russell Mockridge, a friend of Elliott's who was killed recently when he rammed into a Melbourne bus, got athletic religion under Cerutty. He held the record uphill time (11 seconds) for Cerutty's 80-foot sand dune.

Cerutty, an Australian who was a runner in his youth, came to his extraordinary convictions on health and fitness fairly late in life. Sixteen years ago, at age 47, he was close to physical and mental collapse. He punched his way out of his illness by leading a Spartan life apart from his telephone

continued

HERB ELLIOTT'S TRACK RECORD

DATE	PLACE & EVENT	DISTANCE	TIME
EARLY '54 *Age: 15*	Perth: inter-school championships (among schools in Perth area)	880 YDS. MILE	1:58.2 4.30.8
NOV. 6, '54 *Age 16*	Perth: State Schoolboy Championships	MILE	4.25.6
JAN. 3, '55	Perth: inter-school championships	MILE	4.26.8
JAN. 8, '55	"	880 YDS.	1.57.2
FEB. 5, '55	Adelaide: South Australian Jr. Championships	880 YDS.	1:55.7
FEB. 7, '55	"	MILE	4.20.6
SEPT. 17, '55 *Age 17*	Perth: Aquinas College competitions	MILE	4:22
OCT. 22, '55	"	MILE	4.26
	"	880 YDS.	1.57
OCT. 29, '55	Perth: State Schoolboy Championships	MILE	4.20.4
DEC. 26, '56 *Age. 18*	Frankston, Victoria: unimportant tryout race	880 YDS.	1.54 *handicap; lost*
JAN. 12, '57	Melbourne: inter-club competitions (Elliott running for the Coburg Harriers of Melbourne)	MILE	4.06 *(world jr. record)*
JAN. 19, '57	Melbourne: inter-club	880 YDS.	1:53.7
JAN. 26, '57	Melbourne: Victorian Championships	MILE	4.05
JAN. 28, '57	"	880 YDS.	1.50.8
FEB. 9, '57	Adelaide: South Aust. Jr. Championships	MILE	4.06.2
FEB. 14, '57	Melbourne: twilight invitation meeting	2 MILES	9.01 *(world jr. record)*
FEB. 16, '57	Sydney: New South Wales Championships	MILE	4.06.4
FEB. 20, '57	Box Hill (suburb of Melbourne): club invitation meet	MILE (1,500 M.)	4.04.4 *(world jr. record)* (3.47.8)
FEB. 23, '57	Melbourne: inter-club senior meet	3 MILES (3,000 M.)	14.02.4 *(lost, but set world jr. record)* (8.45.6)

As Elliott turned 19 on Feb. 25 he simultaneously held Australian junior records for the 800 m., 880 yds., 1,500 m., mile, 3,000 m., 2 miles and 3 miles, plus world records for mile, 2 miles, 3 miles.

MAR. 9, '57 *Age: 19*	Melbourne: Australian Amateur Athletic Championships	MILE	4.00.4
MAR. 11, '57	"	880 YDS. (800 M.)	1:49.3 (1.48.6)
OCT. 13, '57	Mornington (near Melbourne)	3 MILES	14.18
OCT. 26, '57	Hamilton (near Melbourne)	¾ MILE	3.00.5
DEC. 26, '57	Frankston (near Melbourne)	880 YDS.	1.52.4
JAN. 11, '58	Melbourne: inter-club competition of the Victorian Amateur Athletic Assn.	440 YDS.	50.7 *(lost)*
JAN. 18, '58	Melbourne: VAAA inter-club meet	880 YDS.	1:51.8
JAN. 25, '58	"	MILE	3.59.9
JAN. 30, '58	Melbourne: VAAA twilight invitation	MILE	3.58.7
FEB. 15, '58	Perth: West Australian championships	MILE	3:59.8
FEB. 22, '58	"	880 YDS.	1.49.5
MAR. 2, '58 *Age: 20*	Melbourne: exhibition	1,500 M.	3.51.8
MAR. 9, '58	Toowoomba, Queensland (outside Brisbane): exhibition	1,000 M.	2.21
MAR. 15, '58	Brisbane: Australian championships	MILE	4.08.8
MAR. 17, '58	"	880 YDS.	1:49.4
APR. 6, '58	Geraldton, West. Australia	880 YDS. ¾ MILE	1.53.6 3.04

BEGINNING OF WORLD TOUR

MAY 10, '58	Honolulu	880 YDS.	1.53.2
MAY 16, '58	Los Angeles: Coliseum Relays	MILE	3.57.8 *(American record)*
MAY 31, '58	Modesto, Calif. Relays	MILE	4.02.7
JUNE 6, '58	Compton Invitational	MILE	3.58.1
JUNE 20, '58	Bakersfield, Calif.: American Championship heat	MILE	4.01.4
JUNE 21, '58	Bakersfield: American Championship final	MILE	3:57.9
JULY 11, '58	London: English Championship heat	880 YDS.	1.52
JULY 12, '58	English Championship final	880 YDS.	1.49 *(last,*
JULY 19, '58	Cardiff: Empire Games heat	880 YDS.	1.52.3
JULY 22, '58	Empire Games final	880 YDS.	1.49.3
JULY 24, '58	Empire Games heat	MILE	4.07
JULY 26, '58	Empire Games final	MILE	3.59
AUG. 4, '58	London: White City Empire vs. Great Britain	880 YDS.	1:47.3
AUG. 4, '58	Watford (outside London): demonstration	880 YDS.	1.50.7
AUG. 6, '58	Dublin: Invitation Meet	MILE	3.54.5 *(world record)*
AUG. 7, '58	"	2 MILES	8.37.6 *(lost)*
AUG. 25, '58	Stockholm, Sweden	1,500 M.	3.41.7
AUG. 28, '58	Gothenburg, Sweden	1,500 M.	3.36 *(world record)*
AUG. 29, '58	Malmo, Sweden	MILE	3.58
SEPT. 3, '58	London: White City invitation event	MILE	3.55.4
SEPT. 5, '58	Oslo, Norway	1,500 M.	3.37.4

THE STICKIEST WICKET

In which Hugh Bentley-Giddings botches the attempt to smuggle Lamplighter Gin back from the States to the Empire for his personal use.

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technician's job and taking on weight lifting and competitive marathon running. In time, he turned his modest beach home and bunkhouse at Portsea into a training camp for young runners, charging them only token costs of about a dollar a weekend for food and facilities. He set the training pace himself. "Percy can fly like a bird," says Elliott, "28 seconds over 200 yards, a mile in 5:32. For a 63-year-old, he's just a kid."

At their first Portsea meeting Cerutty told Elliott he would have to come to Melbourne to work and buckle down to a life of sacrifice. Elliott made the move immediately. "I'm not interested in athletes," Cerutty snapped when his new trainee reported for duty. "I'm only interested in achievement." He ordered Elliott to be contemptuous of pain and thrust against it. There was no pat training formula, no timetable routine. Cerutty aimed to fashion out of the raw Elliott a resilient, superbly conditioned free spirit who would discipline himself instinctively and soar above the common herd of racers by virtue of superior strength and will power. Races would be won by instinct, not strategy. "Percy's a winding-up sort of bloke," John Landy once said of the trainer. Wound up like a steel spring after blistering training at Portsea, Elliott ran his first mile under Cerutty a full 13 seconds faster than his best school time.

COLD WAR BETWEEN COACHES

Cerutty's "agin'-the-government," chip-on-shoulder approach to amateur athletics and its bureaucracy has led to a cold war in Australia between his unorthodox training methods and the "scientific," stop watch methods of Austrian-born Franz Stampfl. Once a World War II civilian internee in Australia, later coach in England of Roger Bannister, Chris Chataway and Brian Hewson, Stampfl came back to his erstwhile captors under the sponsorship of the Victorian AAA and the University of Melbourne. He is consequently Australia's only paid university "athletic adviser." Embittered by Stampfl's acceptance and the supposed rejection of his own theories, Cerutty has lost no opportunity to bait his rival with Elliott's eight successive mile triumphs over Stampfl's prize athlete, Merv Lincoln. Handsome, 45-

continued

L to R, Messrs. Collard, Nyeland, Cox and Vogel pinning a non-resident member down.

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And if you'd like to up yourself philosophically, by all means apply for the society's visa to the mental state we mentioned above. But don't write to Cresta Blanca. If you wish to apply for a non-resident membership in LMSOOS, send for your application directly to: Messrs. Vogel, Nyeland, Cox and Collard, Tasting Committee, Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society, 127 Montgomery St., San Francisco 4, California. We hope you get in!

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year-old Stampfl says with haughty contempt that he does not wish to dignify Cerutty with rebuttal, but he told SPORTS ILLUSTRATED: "Cerutty has been libeling and slandering me since I told him three years ago in England that his ideas are ridiculous. Actually, I feel sorry for the man. [Pause.] No, I am beyond that stage. I would like to wring his neck."

Stampfl suggests, obliquely, that the ferocity of Elliott's training under Cerutty is a trifle unsporting. "Lincoln trains only one hour a day," he says. "If he did more he might become a better runner, but would he be a better man? Anyone with a bit of talent can become a champion if he works for hours and hours to the exclusion of everything else. But at what cost to his complete personality?" In fact, Stampfl, while seeing some virtue in the *fartlek*, or freeplay, method made famous by Gundar Hagg and other Continental runners and spun into the Stotan creed by Cerutty, fears that "it is harmful and unnecessary if you overdo. Just as overeating can become grotesque, over-running can weaken the body. So much of all this is based on ignorance, yet we can find out the effects on the body scientifically. I prefer to define my terms. I like to know what I'm doing."

Arguments notwithstanding, it needed a man of Cerutty's fiery, evangelical nature to tap Elliott's enormous resources and bring them to the surface. Cerutty clearly filled a need in Elliott's life. "We put Herb in Percy's hands with confidence," says Mrs. Elliott. "That confidence has been well and truly repaid a million times over. He gave Herb an awful lot more than just making him stronger. He puts great stress on character. His standards for a man are very high. Oh, we have had some terrific arguments with him, but he's done the world for Herb."

An arrogant, almost too confident competitor, Elliott by his own admission is inclined to laziness, or, as he puts it, "bludging." He is impatient of routine, bored by conventional training. He can hardly stand the sight of a stop watch. Cerutty preached manliness and the glory of defying pain. It was a joy-through-strength doctrine. Elliott got the message. Today he is a dedicated convert, ruthlessly disciplining himself. "You get bloody sick of training," he says, characteristically talking in the second person, "but that's the time when you stick to it. That's when one runner proves himself better than the others. Anyone can do it when he's enthusiastic. It's when you stick to it that you show you're the superior man. But once you start running it's O.K. You get a sensation of strain in your muscles and sweat on your brow. It's a manly pleasure. The pain is something real, especially now when you're not quite fit. Three or four times a week it hurts so much that you're dying to stop. Your muscles are screaming but you keep going. It's a matter of will power."

THE FUTURE MRS. ELLIOTT, beauty operator Anne Dudley, happily goes shopping with her famous fiance in the streets of Perth, where Herb weekends with his family.

"I DON'T TRY TO HATE THEM"

Elliott insists he neither plans how he will run a race nor bothers much about who his competitors are. He remains aloof. "I don't try to hate them. It just happens that way. But the person you should really hate is yourself. It's you that you've got to hurt. It's you who's got to take the punishment." At the start of a race, he admits, he is prone to falter "because I'm too relaxed." Then, "when I'm running, my mind hardly works at all. Afterwards I can't remember what I was thinking about exactly. I don't black out the way they say. That's a lot of bull. I am oblivious to the crowd." He usually doesn't even see Cerutty on the sidelines frantically waving signals with a white towel to tell him the competition is gaining or a record is possible. "I'm just concentrating on getting the job done. If I feel someone breezing along at my shoulder, well, competition gears you up." It must; Elliott's acceleration is astonishing. "I don't assume I'm going to win the race," he insists. "I've never gone out on the track with the intention of setting a record. I just go out and run. I never have a record in mind with a high-class field. All I want to do is win."

Why run at all? "I guess it's a way of expressing myself by going through pain. I aim to keep myself fit and to prove I'm the better man. Doesn't

continued

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everyone want to show he's better than the next bloke at something?"

As part of his preachments of the manly virtues, Cerutty stokes Elliott and his other charges with "character-building" mental exercises out of the great books—particularly Tennyson. "Poetry," echoes Elliott, "can make you a better man by giving you an appreciation of beauty and an awareness of things around you. It seems today that you've got to be an intellectual to be able to get back to nature.

"The main thing about Perce," Elliott feels, "is that he coaches your spirit. This is the key to championship running." Herb is working on a personal theory that "the body itself may need only two months' training to get fit; the rest of the time you're building up your spirit—call it guts, or some inner force—so that it will go to work for you in a race without your even thinking about it."

Elliott has an affectionate but by no means blind admiration for Cerutty. "He is more impetuous and excitable than I am," he says. "Percy talks all the time. He nearly drives us crazy, saying the same things over and over until you get damned sick of it. But when he's not here we miss the old beggar. I could train and run on my own but I like to have him around to talk things over." Elliott kept Cerutty around earlier this year when he hauled him in from death in the treacherous Portsea surf.

"ALL IN ALL, A WONDERFUL BLOKE"

"Percy claims a lot more than he should get credit for," Herb says with youthful indulgence. "He makes it sound as if you'd be a drunkard and no good as a runner if it weren't for him. It sometimes gets your back up and you feel like putting him in his place. But, all in all, he's a wonderful bloke." Elliott has had "a sort of unspoken gentleman's agreement" with Cerutty to stick together at least through the Rome Olympics. If he had turned professional, Elliott figures he would have given Cerutty a £3,000 ($6,720) slice of the pie. For Cerutty, who has lived most of his life "on the smell of an oil rag," as a Melbourne newsman quaintly puts it, it would have been a useful but unwelcome pile. He had been shocked at the very thought that "Herb Elliott's gifts may be prostituted on the altar of Mammon."

Cerutty has been both a second father and a buddy to Elliott. When young Herb and old Perce set out for Fiji and points east last May for their four furious months abroad, they were a jolly pair of "round-eyed, unpretentious Australians," as Cerutty phrased it, "cast forth into this awfully wide, wide world." In Honolulu, after Herb quickly disposed of a field of locals in an 880-yard run despite a touch of diarrhea, Cerutty was crowned king at a hula-hula dance at the Outrigger Club. Writing friends in Perth, he bragged: "I completely nonplused my plump Hawaiian hula-girl partner, who exclaimed to me, 'I give in—gee, you must have the spirit of eternal youth!' "

OVERWHELMED, APPALLED, SHOCKED

In Los Angeles the "unpretentious Australians" were overwhelmed by their posh, "crazy, crazy, crazy" Sheraton-Town House suite—but were also heard complaining that they could get nothing but "soft asparagus and puffy fish." They had to lay in a supply of dried fruit and walnuts. Cerutty found Los Angeles "hurrying, scurrying, mad, amazing," with "churches like business offices, business offices like churches" and "6-month-old babies propped in front of television." Herb was appalled at "the pasty look of America's pampered children" and fearful that Australia, threatened with rising prosperity, might go soft the same way. "These people," sneered Cerutty, "are overfed, live overluxuriously and are mostly fat and flabby." He was shocked by public signs advising what to do in case of heart attack.

At the Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles, after Herb ran the then second (after Ibbotson's 3:57.2) fastest mile in history in 3:57.8, he phoned his soon-to-be fiancée Anne, blithely chatted for about 15 minutes and was aghast when he learned the toll was $57. After Los Angeles, Elliott raced three more mile events in the U.S., all in California. Two were sub-4s, one only scant seconds above 4 minutes. Herb also had his fun—the joys of a flashy, red Ford convertible; a quick journey to Mexicali; a bit of light gambling in Reno; a look at Yosemite ("the most beautiful place in the world"); and five days roughing it in the High Sierras. Meantime, Perce was fighting a long-distance battle with what he called "the muddle and bungling" and "Gestapolike control" of Australia's Amateur Athletic Union.

In Britain, there was more fun but then a shock when Herb loped in third in the 880 (although with a respectable 1:49) behind Brian Hewson and Mike Rawson in the English championships at London's White City. Reported Cerutty: "I knew Herb had been 'seeing' London—'sampling' might be the better word—because our Herb, like myself, believes in living fully in the fullest sense of the word.... Well, old Perce and young Herb really stopped sightseeing and eating the old *pâté de foie gras*, abandoned the nightclubs and the fleshpots—and really got cracking! So we ran poor old Brian into the ground next time—murdered, massacred and mutilated the flower of British athleticism!"

And indeed Herb did so, 10 days after his loss, in the 880 finals of the Empire Games; and then again two weeks later at White City with a 1:47.3 win over Hewson, only half a second outside Tom Courtney's world record. In all, Elliott raced 12 times in Britain, Ireland, Sweden and Norway. He set his world records for the mile and 1,500 meters and, excepting his heat in the Empire Games, ran four sub-4 miles in all four of his mile races. His only other defeat was in the two-miler at Dublin when he paced fellow Australian Albert Thomas to a world record of 8:32. Thomas' pacing had helped produce Elliott's spectacular 3:54.5 mile in Dublin the day before.

Still, Cerutty had complaints, not always reasonable. "Herb is in bad company," he said. "He fraternizes with world-record holders like Ibbotson and Gordon Pirie—far too much! They know now they cannot beat him—so, like the Americans, they try to hobble him with hospitality—wear him out playing golf, visiting the Palladium, and much else." After England came France, and Herb, growing a beard and bumming up the Continent to Scandinavia with seven other athletes in a Microbus, was booted out of his sleeping bag in a Paris park by a policeman. "We finally camped in a farmyard outside of town," he recalled. "I didn't think much of Paris." He also didn't think much of spending his own money, an estimated $800, to finish up his European tour. He had run out of the usual time limit—and a generous extension—for an amateur to be

continued

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A starter's gun
A downhill lie, an uphill climb . . .

These things belong to sport
and to the readers of

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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permitted to accept expenses abroad. Cerutty characteristically raged that "Herb has to get about like a poor student" because of "crazy, criminal" amateur rules.

Always there were complications. Immediately after his record-smashing 1,500 meters in Gothenburg, Herb hurried off to do a radio broadcast. "My mouth was dry and tacky," he said later. "Someone gave me an orange squash. I said something like, 'That's the best drink I ever had.' It was, too." Next thing he knew, his picture and testimonial were in the newspapers highlighting an orange squash ad. Amateur officials raised eyebrows. Elliott protested that he had been tricked, had gotten no money, and urged that the soda company be punished. Then Leo Leavitt stepped into his life and the press crowded him more than ever. Tired and homesick, Herb flew gratefully back to Perth. Cerutty stayed on in Europe for four months of lecturing as a *prophet with honor.*

YEARS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE

The world tour gave poise and assurance, and a touch of cynicism, to a young man already more than mature for his years. Physically, Elliott is considered to be years ahead of schedule for strength and stamina. His taut body of almost 6 feet (5 feet 11 and 150 pounds is essentially a welling of a superbly deep chest to whipcord legs. Mentally, as a friend put it, "Herb is a chap with his head screwed on." Now that he has rejected professionalism "for good," his whole attention is directed to driving himself to track dominance over the next four years—through the Olympic and Empire Games.

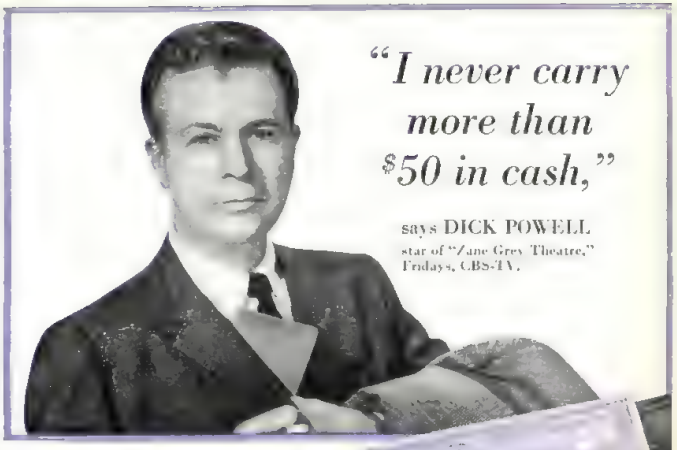
How well he does will depend greatly on the caliber of his competition and the importance of his races. As Cerutty says, "Herb's is the big-occasion temperament." Younger brother Laurie, who now runs the mile in 4:31 and the half mile in 1:58.8, will go under Cerutty's wing at Portsea in December when he finishes school. He is heavier and two inches taller than Herb, who says, "There's nobody in the world I'd rather have give me trouble than Laurie." Whether Laurie, a gentler type, can match his brother's dogged spirit and killer instinct remains to be seen. Elliott bristles when asked to predict his own future perform-

ances but he figures it is only a matter of time before he or another runner pushes the mile record below 3:50. He can't agree with Roger Bannister that 3:50 is the ultimate for the mile with the present human physique: "Who can be sure what the ultimate is? If everyone starts thinking of 3:50 or some other round number as a barrier, then someone is going to crack it. The experts said the same thing about 4 minutes and then 3:55, and they could prove it scientifically."

"LIKE STEEL BANDS FALLING AWAY"

Elliott expects to marry next year and start his university career—under Shell auspices—in Australia. Happy when he's running at Portsea ("When you go down there it's like steel bands falling away from your muscles"), he resents the side effects of fame. He now inclines to be temperamental, outspoken and not always sensible about "stupid reporters" and the way people "try to exploit me." He suffers fools badly. He courteously dashes off answers to fan letters during his lunch hours "but it's costing me 10 shillings [$1.10] a week." No idealist about the glory of sport, he thinks amateur athletes in Australia ought to get something more tangible than just medals and "well dones" for their pains and sweat—athletic scholarships at least. Amateur rules, as admired by "petty-minded pretenders" in a day of high-powered promotion, world tours, jammed stadiums and demands for world records, are to him just plain "archaic."

Despite present glories, the future occasionally gives him concern. Taking a cue from Ralph Waldo Emerson, Elliott worries at times whether too much physical exercise and "living like an animal" will dampen his intellect and slow down his mental advancement. He is beginning to wonder whether intense devotion to the Stotan creed will be compatible with the happy marriage he earnestly wants. The Leavitts of this world—Leo himself was finally publicly disowned and fired by Western Promotions and left Australia still mouthing threats about "secret tape recordings"—seem to concern him no longer. Now trying for a transfer to the Shell office in Perth, Herb Elliott may soon learn whether romance and a normal life can mix with great running: "a manly pleasure, not for women or softies." END



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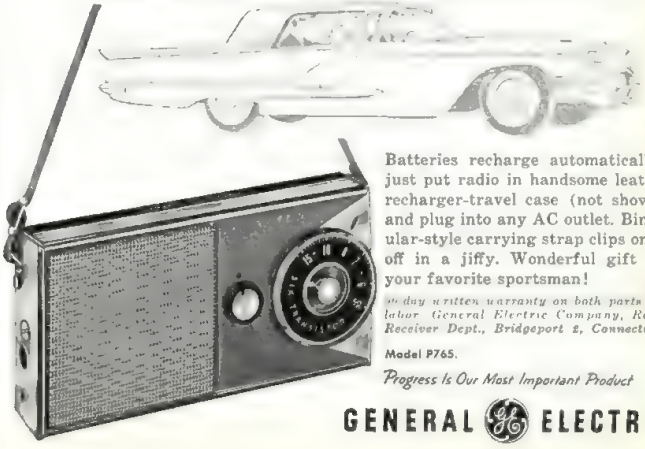

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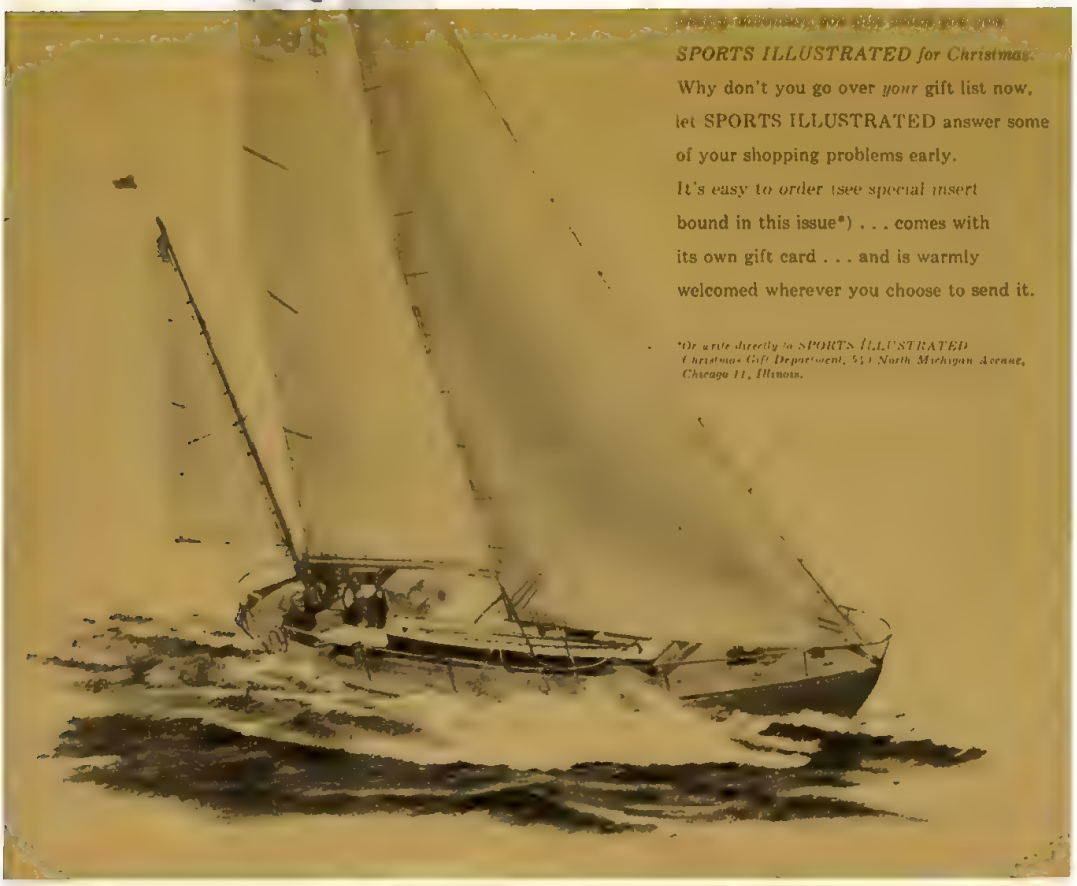

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19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR (CONT.)

Sirs:

As a charter subscriber to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, I have intended to write this letter every year at this time concerning your annual Sportsman of the Year award.

Webster has a lot to say about sport and sportsmanship, but it seems to boil down to participation in sports and games, primarily outdoors, *for pleasure*. If this definition is followed, it would automatically eliminate many of our national heroes, and this is precisely what I wish would happen. With the commercialization and professionalization of most of the sports and games in this country, we have developed a fine group of professional athletes. Believe me, I have no argument with them, and am mighty glad to have them. Nevertheless, I feel that they are masters of a trade, highly skilled and highly paid. I believe such compensation is enough, and if we are truly seeking sportsmen, we should look to the ranks of those to whom material gain is of secondary, or little, importance.

If necessary, let's establish a separate category for the Athlete of the Year to give deserved credit to our excellent professional athletes, but for Sportsman, let's stick to true sportsmen. Sir Edmund Hillary of Everest, Roger Bannister of The Mile, Briggs Cunningham of LeMans and *Columbus* men to whom the sport was the thing, who accepted the challenge not for personal glory or monetary success but "because it was there."

G. W. FLEMING

Westport, Conn.

FOOTBALL: TENURE

Sirs:

Many thanks for the finest sports publication extant, to which I hope to subscribe ad infinitum.

The above Latin phrase would almost seem to describe the football-playing career of College of the Pacific's Dick Bass, as logged in Roy Terrell's excellent *Dallas Comeuppance* (SI, Oct. 20). I quote, out of context, ". . . He made 10 of the 11 frosh scores in 1955" and ". . . He wants to play football next year, graduate in 1960 and then make up his mind which

continued

GOLF: HIGH JINKS AT ST. ANDREWS

Sirs:

Your recent poem (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, Oct. 20) concerning the Texan who shot a hole in one golf ball reminded me of one of the highlights of the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews this September. An imaginative and gifted retired captain of the Royal Navy, one Q. Paterson, constructed a pistol, a kind of blunderbuss, into which he would wad first black powder and then a golf ball.

He stationed himself outside the big windows of the Long Room of the R&A (so knowingly described this week by Herbert Warren Wind) and faced into the setting sun, surrounded by numerous fellow members. He gauged the wind, the proper angle of elevation and sighted down the first fairway, waiting for some cyclists and a few dogs to pass. The trigger was squeezed, there was a loud report, and the ball disappeared over the Swilken Burn to the right of the first green, about 350 yards away. The members, some of whom had fully expected that the contraption would explode in their midst, cheered this ballistic triumph and repaired to the clubhouse for another round of gin and tonics.

In the photograph shown below, Captain Paterson, in knickers, can be seen at the moment of firing. The gentleman in the dark blazer at the right is Lord Morton, who was to drive himself in as captain of the R&A the following morning. (Even without the aid of "Boomer Pete," as an American member labeled Captain Paterson, Lord Morton sent the ball a respectable distance.) The dark-suited gentleman, fourth from the left, is Mr. J. Ellis Knowles, outstanding U.S. Senior golfer, from Apawamis and Pine Valley.

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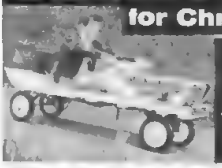

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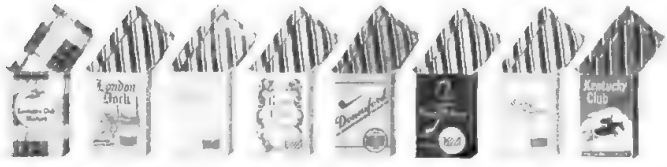

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way to go." As I get it, this means that when Mr. Bass finally arrives at the great decision he will have spent five years on *campus, which is bogeying the course any* way you look at it. Having missed all of last year's games due to a leg broken in preseason practice, he has another year *left in which to play. Is it the policy of* COP to keep a man around until the last centilla of athletic eligibility has been exhausted, regardless of the time it takes? If so, this would seem to be "red shirting" at its finest work. French and I are pleated bosom. What if the young man sustains injuries this year, and again in '59? Would he then graduate in 1962? One [illegible] ed of Cliff Norton's gag about being athletically ineligible [illegible]

I appreciate the fact that Mr. Terrell, by design or not, ended [illegible] the fine paragraph about Bo Weston, Rutgers' wonderfully versatile halfback, to whom "football at Rutgers has been a lot of fun. Here, football has been a part of college, not college a part of football." This reader, at least, was left with a fresher taste in the mouth.

JAMES R. RYAN

Detroit

● Although some conferences, such as the Big Ten, have a rule limiting football eligibility to 10 semesters, the College of the Pacific, an independent, is happy with Dick Bass's five-year study program. ED

GOLF: SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Sirs:

Unquestionably one of sport's most emotional moments was the singing of *Will Ye No' Come Back Again?* by the people of St. Andrews for Bob Jones. This will always be for me my most sentimental moment, thanks to the brilliant reporting of Herbert Warren Wind (SI, Oct. 27).

DAVID J. NELSON

Toronto, Ont.

NATURE: AS T.R. SAID

Sirs:

It was a thrill to see the picture of the redwood tree planted in Campbell, Calif. by Theodore Roosevelt in 1903 (*The Savor of Our Wilderness*, SI, Oct. 27). My daddy, Harry A. Fore, was there that day. He was 15 years old, and never forgot the words he heard. It was one of my favorite childhood stories; now I tell it to my own children.

Roosevelt planted the tree, then he brushed off his hands and said, "I haven't time to make a long speech. Just remember this, boys and girls: Work while you work, and play while you play, but don't play while you work."

MRS. H. L. EGGLESTON JR.

Glendale, Calif.

SHOOTING: QUICK AND STRAIGHT

Sirs:

I was intensely fascinated, as I am sure thousands were, by Martin Kane's article *Shooting by Instinct* (SI, Oct. 20).

I was much interested in the specially designed BB gun used by Lucky McDaniel which Ross Baldwin designed. Will you please tell me where this gun can be purchased and, also, what is the price of the gun?

E. G. HERFINDAHL

Omaha

• The gun is not in production.—ED.

Sirs:

I read with great interest your article on Lucky McDaniel. Met McDaniel one rainy afternoon a couple of years ago in the bar of the Hotel Dempsey, Macon, Ga. Lucky was in town for a shooting exhibition the next day at the fairgrounds. McDaniel talked guns with bartender Ralph Reeves. Reeves's nephew was then quarterback of the Miami (Fla.) U. football team. The talk turned to applying McDaniel's shooting theory to throwing in football, baseball, basketball, etc. Lucky said, "Same thing exactly." McDaniel maintained that with professional and practiced throwers, *i.e.*, baseball pitchers and football passers, he could, in half an hour or so, teach them unerring accuracy and control. Since control is so important in major league pitching I wonder why some team hasn't added Lucky to its coaching staff. Just think of Lucky suited in Washington Nats' flannels, sitting in the dugout, eying encouragement to heretofore wild hurlers.

Among those highly elated at McDaniel's transition from tobacco selling to professional shooting and teaching are all Georgia representatives of national tobacco firms whose products languished in warehouses while Lucky was betting his accuracy with an air rifle against large orders of pipe tobacco. Conservative estimates indicate unsold, unsmoked backlog of McDaniel-sold tobacco products will exist in Georgia crossroad stores through 1962. State merchandising experts are forever grateful Lucky wasn't selling tractors. Kane writes like McDaniel shoots: quick and straight.

PETER K. HYDE

Warner Robins, Ga.

HUNTING: AN INTERPRETATION

Sirs:

I have been delegated by my fellow club members to ask you to settle a dispute. What is a double in duck shooting?

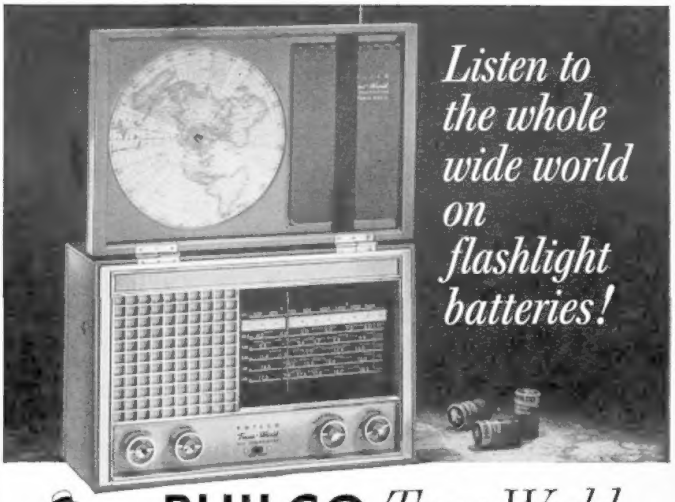
One group claims a double is two birds with two shots, while the other is of the opinion it is two birds with one shot. The first group claims one-shot-and-two-birds is a freak or lucky shot.

Unless we get this matter settled before duck season closes, we might wind up tearing the clubhouse down, so heated do the arguments become. All have agreed, however, to abide by your interpretation. Will you please restore peace among our members?

ROBERT W. DUMM

Sacramento, Calif.

• The classic double is a left and a right, thus two birds with two shots. Two or more birds with one shot is a freak.—ED.



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BETTY REYNOLDS

'It's always new and exciting'

The first Washington International Horse Show held last month saw competition for a horsemanship award that may well be one of the more difficult and desirable distinctions in show-horse competition. It is the Virginia Horse Shows Association Equitation Award, a three-phase ordeal consisting of flat equitation, jumping and written examination on everything from anatomy to stable management. It was won with style by Betty Reynolds, a 17-year-old horsewoman from Tryon, N.C.

The Reynolds family life pretty much centers around horses: Tryon lies in some of the most active fox-hunting country in America. Betty's father stables 20 hunters, and her older brother Bucky is as accomplished a rider as she. "I ride every day," says Betty, "on the trails or in the ring or over the hunting country around us, but it's always new and exciting." Unusual is Betty's skill at both jumping and flat equitation (most riders excel at one or the other). Old hands who have seen her in the ring feel this will carry Betty and her mare Can Do far during the horse-show season.

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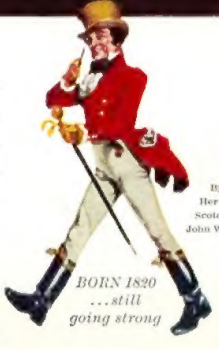

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